JOHN BULL

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The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

Contents

The World, The Flesh, and The Devil.

John Bull's Biscuits.

Adulteration Extraordinary.

John Bull in the City.

Among the Lawyers.

London's Chinese Colony.

Crosland on Cocoa.

The Unwritten Law.

John Bull's Post-cards.

The Cartoon.

Reminiscences.

Among the Mummers.

Miss and Mist.

Bull's Eyes.

John Bull's Womenfolk.

Letter Bag. Racing Notes, etc.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

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Such portion thereof as are not applied for by members of the old Companies in accordance with their rights under the Reconstruction Agreements, are now offered to Shareholders and to the public for Subscription by tender at prices in excess of the liability of 1s. per Share. The liability of 1s. on the said Shares is payable as to 3d. per Share on Application (together with the amount of premium in case of tender), 3d. per Share on June 1, and as to the balance of 6d. per Share, as and when called, subsequent to September 29, 1907.

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(If desired, the number of Directors can be increased to seven as provided by the Articles of Association.)

BANKERS.—THE LONDON TRADING BANK, LTD., 12, Coleman Street, London, E.C.
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SECRETARY AND REGISTERED OFFICES.—F. W. DAVIS, 18, Eldon Street, London, E.C.

This Company is formed for the purpose of acquiring, under the Reorganisation Scheme, nearly 8,000 (eight thousand) acres of freehold land, containing coal and other valuable minerals, in the neighbourhood of Middleburg, South Africa.

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Extracts taken from Report of Oliver Pegler, Associate Royal School of Mines:

"The average thickness of the seam of coal is 9 feet, being solid mineral from floor to roof, and devoid of shale partings. The uppermost part of the seam is bituminous, and becoming gradually less so to the floor. The coal, taking the whole body, is of excellent commercial value, and of very superior quality as a Transvaal coal; being equal to the best I have seen. The uppermost portion of the seam is highly bituminous, and, if selected, would command very high prices, but the general quality of the seam, from floor to roof, is so excellent for general purposes, that it would be more advisable to mine and dispose of the coal in bulk.

"It is a capital fuel for household use; many of the residents in Middleburg consuming only the 'Vaalbank' coal. As a steam coal it possesses very high qualities; free burning, with plenty of flame, and evolving great heat. The ash is only moderate in amount, and very free, without the slightest tendency to form clinkers; a single movement of the stoker's bar causes the ash to fall through the grating of the furnaces. The quality in itself will bring about a large demand for the 'Vaalbank' coal, as a large number of the Transvaal mines produce a fuel, the ash of which melts into clinkers, causing much waste and trouble to the stokers.

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According to the Transvaal Government returns for the year ended June, 1906, coal companies paid dividends amounting to £122,036, and of the total sales of coal for the Transvaal for the same period more than one-half was produced from the Middleburg District.

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To MR. F. W. DAVIS, 18, Eldon Street, London, E.C.

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Vol. II. No. 51. Saturday, May 25th, 1907. One Penny.

TO JOHN BULL READERS.

Our issue of Saturday, June 8th—published on Thursday, June 6th—will be

Our Birthday Number.

It will contain many special features; and we ask every reader who appreciates "JOHN BULL" to order a few extra copies for distribution amongst friends. Further particulars next week.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

(The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.)

We have been too long in public life to be easily influenced by what are called "popular demonstrations." But we stood in Pall Mall on Sunday afternoon last week, and saw the railway men marching to Hyde Park. We have seen many a march before, but this one impressed us more than all or any. There they were in their thousands, with their banners and their leaders—under the generalship of Mr. Bell, M.P.—orderly, serious, grim and determined. In some cases, faithful wives and sweethearts walked by their men; little sons, holding their fathers' hands, were there as well, looking listlessly, sometimes wondrously, around them—receiving, unconsciously, seeds of character and thought which in after years may make for those forces which shake thrones and empires. Here and there a goat shay or a donkey cart brought men and womenfolk, and now and then a vanload of railway slaves. But, for all real purposes, it was a foot march, and on every face, under the sweltering heat of that early summer day, you saw Reality. It wasn't a question of Imperial politics or high statesmanship, to the clap-trap of which they were marching—it was Bread and Butter, Rest and Health, subjects they were masters of; and they meant business. And as we watched them, and listened to their bands, and noticed some of their faces—well, it did us more good than going to church.

The only striking feature of the recent Fiscal debate in the Commons was the welcome discovery of a new and powerful debater on the Tory benches in Mr. Bonar Law. We had heard much about him, but till now he had done nothing in this Parliament to justify his reputation. He is, when on his metal, one of the very best. An attractive personality, a cultured and captivating voice and manner, a ready wit and a natural speaker, he is head and shoulders above Mr. Balfour in effectiveness. We are making a careful note of the available material for the next Conservative Ministry, and this is as far as we have got at present:—Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. F. E. Smith, Mr. Bowles, Lord Turnour, Sir Gilbert Parker, Lord Balcarres.

The perambulator business must be awfully dull. The birth-rate is at present the lowest on record; to wit, 27 per thousand of the population. On the face of it, therefore, it does not look as if the high recommendations which have so often been made from the Episcopal Bench for the last few years have been seriously regarded. Every man to his own business, and apparently the vast majority of people have come to the conclusion that it is no business of noble prelates like the Bishop of London and the Bishop of Ripon to worry themselves about the persistent non-arrival of other people's babies. Our readers will remember the man in the old, old story. Expecting an interesting event in his family, he left word before he left home in the morning that he was to be informed on the telephone when it occurred. Presently he was rung up, and he heard the maid's voice, "Congratulations, sir—a son." "Thank you," answered the proud parent, and shutting off the voice he proceeded to open a bottle of the best in his office. He was just putting the sparkling glass to his lips when the telephone bell rang again. "Yes?" he inquired. "More congratulations, sir"—came the voice—"another son." His smile faded, he mopped his brow, and swallowed down his drink at a gulp. A moment afterwards the sound of the bell again thrilled through him. "Well?" he queried testily. "Excuse me, sir," exclaimed the voice again. "I'm sorry to mention it, but—another son, sir." "Thunder and lightning," he shouted, as he seized his umbrella and jammed his hat on his head. "I'll go home and put a stop to this business." Except in the case of M.P.'s, a stop has been put to these excesses of domestic rapture almost everywhere, and Mrs. Quiverful will soon become a relic for a museum.

The gentleman with most influence at the domestic hearth nowadays is apparently the late Rev. Mr. Malthus, and we gather that the new generation is reading his enthralling works with avidity. Some day, probably, the State will have to offer to feed, clothe, educate, and find jobs for everybody who will condescend to be born, and this may make a difference. Meanwhile, it is idle to burke the fact that the problem is one which the State does not consider sufficiently pressing to face. Till it does, our natural diffidence obliges us to leave it.

We are afraid there is trouble ahead for Mr. Birrell. He was a bold man to take on Ireland. After his Education defeat it looked like tempting Providence—and Providence does not like being tempted. However, we write before the meeting of the Irish Convention, and it may of course be that Mr. Redmond will succeed in inducing his people to share his policy of taking all they can get on account. And he may not. We have never disguised our opinion that the application of the instalment system to Irish policy was a blunder—and in politics blunders are worse than crimes.

Mr. Gladstone was undoubtedly going in advance of public opinion in his Home Rule Bill. But the Government is evidently of opinion that what the G.O.M. ruthlessly brushed aside as constituting no solution of the eternal Irish question is quite as much public opinion of to-day even is prepared for. Just listen to the way in which the old warrior dealt by anticipation with Mr. Birrell's present proposals. "There had been," he said, "several plans devised for granting to Ireland the management of her education, the management of her public centres, and management of one thing and another under a central elective body." And then, after pointing out that no such scheme would have possessed the advantage of finality, he expressed himself in these prophetic terms:—

> It is absurd, in my opinion, to talk of the adoption of such a scheme in the face of two obstacles—first of all, that those whom it is intended to benefit do not want it, do not ask it, and refuse it; and, secondly, the obstacle, not less important, that all those who are fearful of giving a domestic legislature to Ireland would naturally, emphatically, and rather justly say:—"We will not create your Central Board and palter with this question, because we feel certain that it will afford nothing in this world, except a stage from which to agitate for a further concession, and because we see by the proposal you make, you will not even attain the advantage of settling the question that is raised."

We commend this extract to Mr. Birrell's attention.

A reader sends us some interesting correspondence he has had with the Chancellor of the Exchequer upon a little matter which, though not in itself of great public importance, throws light upon the extent to which even the strongest of Ministers is controlled almost entirely by his permanent officials. (John Burns, perhaps, is the one striking exception in the present Cabinet.) It appears that there is an Act of Parliament which says, "It shall not be necessary for any person to take out an Excise license as an auctioneer in order to enable him to sell fish by auction *upon the seashore where the same shall be first landed.*" Now, it would seem to us that both the intention and the only possible meaning of these words are obvious. It appears, however, that by degrees certain auctioneers have established a custom of sending their servants round the coast, and that these gentlemen without auctioneers' licenses do a roaring trade by publicly selling the fish, not only on the seashore but in the local markets and other places. Our correspondent having called Mr. Asquith's attention to this state of things, ultimately received a reply to the effect that this Right Hon. and very learned gentleman was "advised" that—what do you think?—"Fish may be sold by auction without a license at any seaside *place* where the fish shall be first landed, whether the place of sale be the actual shore or the quay or market adjoining"; and now note these words: "And he finds that the Board of Inland Revenue has consistently acted upon this interpretation of the Section for a period which now extends to more than thirty-five years." The ludicrous assumption that because the dull-heads of the Inland Revenue Department have for thirty-five years considered that the town market is the same thing as the *seashore*, such must therefore be the case, and the docile obedience of a shrewd and distinguished lawyer to the "advice" of some obscure Treasury official, are typical of the mental obfuscation which overtakes even so masterful a man as Mr. Asquith when under our present absurd system of Cabinet making he is suddenly transferred from the rôle of a professional lawyer into that of an amateur man of business.

Lord Fitzhardinge is to be congratulated on his remarks about the Workmen's Compensation Act. This, we are told, will lead many people to insure their servants; and what, after all, is insurance but a kind of gambling? His Lordship made a palpable hit when he depicted an anti-gambling bishop saying to an insurance company, "I wish to back my cook capsizing the kettle and scalding herself; at the same time I wish to take odds on the housemaid coming a cropper over her slop-pail." After all, there is no great difference between speculation on horses and speculation on housemaids.

The chief obstacle to female suffrage lies in the suffragettes themselves. If the vote were claimed by typical women, we should have nothing to say against it. But the agitators mostly belong to that aggravating grandmotherly school which England will never tolerate. The latest cry of the shrieking sisterhood is for "compulsory Sunday closing, abolition of grocers' licences, restriction of sale of liquor in clubs," and the abolition of barmaids. The only excuse for a teetotal fanatic is to be a reformed drunkard, but we believe that these ladies do not lay claim to that distinction. After all, we are not surprised that "dear Mr. Russell" fared so badly at Wimbledon. Why doesn't Miss Irene Miller take the matter in hand and reorganise the whole movement?

The accident of Mr. Chaplin's big majority has turned his head. Here we have him telling an interviewer that the result of the Wimbledon election is "a staggering blow to the Government." Why should the Government be staggered by the defeat of a Suffragette, seeing that Suffragettes attack it quite as bitterly as Protectionists? The defeat of a Socialist at Stepney might as well be regarded in the same light.

Since the people of London handed over their affairs to the "Municipal Reformers," those gentlemen have lost no time in getting to work on their own lines. It will be remembered that the late Council sought powers—having in mind that electricity, the light and energy of the present, will more and more become the light and energy of the future—to supply it in bulk within the area of its jurisdiction. The idea, of course, was to prevent the formation of any such monopoly as the Water Companies, which London had to buy out at the cost of many millions of pounds. If electric monopolies and trusts get the grip of London as the water companies got the grip of it, they would not only take profits which should be the property of the community, but they would practically charge consumers what prices they pleased, under what conditions they pleased. The new Council have inserted in the Electricity Powers Bill a clause enabling the Council to lease the business to a private company or private companies. This may be the commencement of a great trust juggle, and we

hope London's representatives in Parliament will whip up strong opposition to the clause. All public services in the nature of monopolies must be public property.

Lord Newton has dropped his Bill for the reform of the House of Lords, so it may be taken for granted that this stupendous institution will not get reformed until "C.-B." takes it in hand. Lord Newton's was a fanciful and finnicking but well-meaning measure of its class, the House of Lords being never very revolutionary. All reform schemes from the inside of the House of Lords are designed, not to put the constitution of the gilded chamber on a basis which will make it acceptable to a democracy, but to stave off a little longer, by half-hearted compromises, the inevitable onrush of the destructive flood. One reform, and one only, will be of any legislative value in the House of Lords. The Veto must be set in rigid limits—or it must go. We do not know when, but we rather gather from "C.-B." that it will be some day between now and the Resurrection.

"Tariff Reform and Work for All!" is the latest battle-cry of the new Fiscal brigade. What an ideal: more work! Of course, the answer will be: "Free Trade, less work and more for it." One of Mr. Churchill's best quips during the Free Trade campaign was: "Mr. Chamberlain loves the working-man—he loves to see him work."

The most ominous part of Mr. Morley's present Indian policy is the fact that the Opposition is loud in its praises. Of course, everyone must approve of firmness in India, where the least sign of weakness might involve fearful disasters. But surely it is possible to be firm without abolishing the rights of trial and public meeting. That is the kind of firmness usually adopted by weak persons, and there is a certain poetic justice in reminding Mr. Morley of his previous protests against coercion in Ireland. We still think that he should make way for a younger man.

Public money is most economically expended in one direction, and squandered in another. A tendency exists of economising in the lower ranks of the Civil Service much more than in the upper ones. As, however, the higher grades suggest where to economise, and receive credit and recognition for their trouble, such a tendency is only to be expected. But what of their own ranks, with their intricate grades, sections, classes, divisions, etc., etc.? The wastrel system of three or four deputies falling over one another in doing one principal's work, with salaries almost equal to the principal, should be clean-bowled. Here we have these rival deputies, in their efforts to justify their positions, juggling a mere bagatelle, from one to the other, into a matter of stupendous importance. Let us take a specific case, with the Accounts Branch of the Customs. This department has had four Principals within the last three years. Whether they were acquainted with the nature of the duties of the department is immaterial, for there are three Assistant Principals. These gentlemen are under no supervision, and a puerile farce is maintained in despotic style. Such jugglery among the heads is exasperating to the members of the service, because the resultant bungling leaves its mark upon the character reports of the staff. More elbow room is needed in the upper grades, with one man to do one man's work.

The *Daily Chronicle* has evidently failed to read Jim Crow. The other day it made the astounding assertion that "no one probably ever did say 'Tut!' or 'Humph!' or 'Pish!' or any of the like things that people are customarily made to say in print." Perhaps in the circles frequented by *Chronicle* scribblers, these graceful, gentle expletives have passed out of vogue, to give place to more modern refinements of our speech. We certainly make use of "Tut!" and "Pish!" sometimes when we turn over the pages of the *Chronicle*, and sometimes we are driven by it to still more forcible expressions. The chronicler goes on to say, "In church it is irresistibly comic to hear the congregation singing how the wicked doers 'say Tush, the Lord shall not see.'" No doubt any archaism appears "irresistably comic" to certain conventional types of modern minds, but we fail to perceive why Tush should have been singled out for derision. Pish!

For once the *Saturday Review* has been amusing. It lately referred to Mr. Arthur Balfour as "Mr. B." The editor grew green with disgust. He sent for the printer and made him indite a letter of regret for "the misprint." Commenting on this, the *Westminster Gazette* says that no one ever gave Lord Salisbury a nickname. What about "Old Sarum"?

We recently had occasion to rebuke a Baptist minister for his uncharitable utterances on tobacco smoking. Now we find the Rev. W. S. Hooton, of Otley Parish Church, indulging in some transcendant bunkum. The annual agricultural show at Otley, which is a great function in the eye of the "Tyke" from the West Riding, has been "cussed" with atrocious luck in the shape of weather for the past few years. This year has been no exception. A gale of wind and rain prevailed most of the time, with the result that the whole show was practically blown down, entailing considerable financial loss to the promoters. The Rev. Mr. Hooton has discovered the reason. In a letter to the Secretary of the Society he protests against "the employment of the Sunday before the show and the Sunday after in putting up and taking down the tents," and says, "I suppose I should be considered altogether out of date if I venture to suggest a connection between this practice and the remarkable disasters which have befallen the shows (*and especially the tents*) this year, and I believe on at least one other occasion. Although the careless may only ascribe it all to chance, it is yet incumbent upon those who believe in a Divine providence to maintain a contrary opinion." Did anyone ever read such twaddle? Is this "expounding the Word?" It sounds to us like a gross libel on the Almighty.

Something must be done to check the inquisitorial tyranny of creditors. Their latest exploit, in the Marquess of Huntly's case, was to employ detectives and rake up private affairs as evidence of means. It seems a great hardship that a man cannot amuse himself in his own way without suffering an inquisition at the hands of his tradesmen; still greater that purely personal matters should be trumpeted forth to the whole world. As the Marquess's creditors were justified by results, we say nothing against them, but there have been other cases when greedy tradesmen have brought pressure to bear upon unfortunate debtors by threatening inconvenient revelations. Such threatening is very near to blackmail. We want a Debtors' Protection League.

The Hungarians never seem to tire of making themselves ridiculous. Their latest exploit has been to arrest a young lady for wearing a red and yellow skirt, because forsooth these are the national colours of Roumania. The police wanted her to take the skirt off in the street, and were most reluctant to allow her to go home and change. Even then they confiscated the skirt, which will no doubt be dyed and passed on to a local cook, if the force have the same tastes in Hungary as in England. Of course, there are many Hungarian subjects who sigh for annexation to Roumania, but this sort of sumptuary intolerance will do little to reconcile them to the Hungarian yoke.

More rivalry in America. The pork butchers of Pennsylvania are working hard one against the other in producing the biggest sausage on earth. Up to the

time of writing the record-breaker is a genius named Jacob Ackerman, of Limeport. He has manufactured a sausage 64 feet 8 inches long, and we are now hoping to hear that Nickolas Slavinski, or somebody, has succeeded in breaking even that record by making a sausage long enough to go up one street, take the first turning on the right, and continue up the main road till it reaches the railway station. He could manage this, no doubt, with about 150 horses, 500 dogs, and 321 stray cats, with ten tons of stale bread and a tomato to improve the flavour. Selling it at fourpence a pound, he should make money.

We should have thought that the last word had been said about the Fourth Party in Mr. Churchill's "Life of his Father." But Sir John Gorst's son rushed in with an unnecessary book, and now Sir Henry Drummond Wolff threatens to publish his Reminiscences. That these will be of interest or value is too much to expect. No doubt Sir Henry has seen many places and people, but the strength of his memory may be gauged by the fact that, when he was in Persia, he imagined himself to be Archbishop of Canterbury. We now await the last straw, in the shape of Mr. Balfour's recollections.

We do not wish to trespass upon MRS. BULL's preserves, but our lady readers will probably be interested to learn that the elbow sleeve is going out of fashion, and for day wear will be no longer *bon ton*, *a la mode*, or *comme il faut*. It appears that the higher circles have become alarmed at the popularity of the half-sleeve, and it may be at once admitted that it lacks something of the picturesque when combined with a large vermilion elbow and a No. 9 woollen glove. It has its dainty aspects in dainty cases, however, and the sex which is ours will greatly lament if it should wholly disappear in favour of the new sleeve, which is "going to extend as far as the knuckles." Strictly speaking, of course, the fashions are no affair of ours, but when a sleeve gets as far as the knuckles we may fairly venture to express the hope that it will go no further, or it may fare worse. There seems a danger that it will get mixed with the soup.

Another puzzle for the future historian. Read the account of the recent Budget Debate:—

Daily Telegraph.

"Mr. McKenna, Minister of Education, replied for the Government in a dull, though voluble, speech before a thin House."

Daily Chronicle.

"He (Mr. McKenna) had an easy task, but he rose much higher than the occasion, and in a masterly address completely destroyed the arguments of the ex-Chancellor."

As a matter of fact, the only good speech was that delivered by——. No, we will leave the future historian to find out for himself.

Admirers and disciples of the late Mr. George Jacob Holyoake will be pleased to know that something is being done to keep his memory green. We understand that the Co-operative Union have commissioned Mr. Albert Toft to execute a monument, to be placed over Mr. Holyoake's grave, and, further, that they have bought a piece of land in Manchester at a cost of upwards of £10,000, upon which they are erecting a Holyoake Institute at an additional cost of £20,000. All this is as it should be.

According to the latest horoscope, Prince Alfonso, etc., of Spain, is destined to be a refugee in England, and even there to be followed by the "red hand of revolt." Whether this points to a Carlist or Anarchist triumph the stars do not seem to say.

Pity the sorrows of the Marquess of Huntly, for whom a committal order was sought the other day. He pleaded that he had no means, and that the person who was alleged to be always driving about in cabs with ladies was somebody who closely resembled him. It is a hard case. According to the Marquess, he has been mistaken for a solicitor, a dealer in the antique, a member of Parliament, and various other things too numerous to mention. The best thing the Marquess can do in the circumstances is the most drastic. We do not in a general way advise the committal of murder, although there are some people we could see hanged with a great deal of equanimity, but we heartily recommend him to seek out that double and slay him. If no other weapon should be handy he might use his hand mirror.

At a meeting of the Lord's Day Observance Society the other day a speaker lamented that both the upper and lower classes abstain more and more from church on Sundays. It may be pointed out, also, that even the middle classes do not cause a crush. The curious fact about this eternal complaint of empty pews on Sundays is that the parsons seldom or never ask themselves whether perchance there is anything in their own attitude to the world's pulsing life which accounts for the phenomenon, for the questions between parson and people go deeper down than any mere point of discussion as to the best way of utilising Sunday. The churches are empty and the parsons are unheard because people are more and more realising the hollowness, and humbug, and unreality which have their centre and focus in so many of our religious professors. "Christianity," said the late Bishop of Carlisle, "is a ghastly failure." It is a cutting phrase; but if it be a failure, or in so far as it is a failure, it is not due to any lack of nobility or majesty in the system, but in the failure of those who have set themselves to teach it to the world to square their example to their precept. Two thousand years may have brought us more "Christians," but it has left us with less Christianity.

John Bull's Biscuits.

AWARD NO. 274.

For stating that the "First Offenders' Act" is "a very dangerous Act, and has produced more crime in this country than anything else,"

MR. D'EYNCOURT (the Magistrate),
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 275.

For informing its readers that "another victim of the Croydon tram accident succumbs," and concluding the paragraph, "This is the only death by the accident,"

THE DUBLIN EVENING MAIL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 276.

For stating that "Major John Paulet Gollop, author of many patriotic songs, died suddenly after singing one of them,"

THE LIVERPOOL EVENING EXPRESS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 277.

For kissing a Frenchman on the mouth at a garden-party,

THE MAYOR OF MARYLEBONE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 278.

For stating that "Mr. James Boyle, the life-long secretary of the Derry Celtic Club, has resigned that position,"

THE BELFAST EVENING TELEGRAPH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 279.

For stating that one of his customers "expresses his great satisfaction in an attack of lumbago,"

THE PROPRIETOR OF GLORIA TONIC
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

ADULTERATION EXTRAORDINARY.

How Grocers Deceive the Public.

Some weeks ago we published an article in which we dealt in a general way with adulteration. Such articles have been published before, and will, we do not doubt, be published again; but on the present occasion we propose to deal with specific facts, with the practice of one large business organisation having branches in many parts of the country. We shall take three leading articles—coffee, cocoa, and chocolate. We shall refer to the statements as to these articles made on the authority of the company in printed matter published and distributed with the object of explaining to its customers the character of the articles they are invited to buy. We shall analyse these articles, describing their constituents, their cost to the company, and the price at which they are sold to the public. The figures we shall give are the actual figures, taken from the cost books of the firm in question. No explanation of the difference between the description of the articles in the catalogue and over the counter and their actual composition is possible; the vital difference between the statement and the facts is indisputable.

We take first a brand of Coffee which has a large sale. This is described in the company's circular as :—

> Nature's true liver tonic. A delicious and invigorating drink.

Its constituents and cost, and the price paid by the public, are given in the following particulars :—

Mixture.—21 lbs. Chicory @ 31s. 9d. per cwt.
9 ,, Arrowroot @ 3½d. per lb.
3 ,, Finings @ 6d. per lb.
9 ,, Coffee @ 89s. 9d. per cwt.
6 ,, ,, @ 132s. 9d. per cwt.

48 lbs. Mixture. Cost 6 ¼¼ per lb.

Cost packed, including labour and stamps :—
¼ lbs.—2s. 5½d. per doz. Sold at 5s. — 100 %
½ ,, 4s. 7½d. ,, ,, ,, 9s. — 100 %

It will be seen that of a mixture weighing 48 lbs., only 15 lbs. are coffee, and that this mixture is sold at 100 per cent. profit.

We come to another kind of Coffee. In the company's circular this is described as :—

> A blend of the very choicest growths. Delicious, refreshing, and unique.

Its composition is as below :—

60 lbs. Chicory @ 31s. 9d. per cwt.
20 ,, Coffee @ 7d. per lb.
20 ,, ,, @ 7½d. per lb.

100 lbs. Mixture cost 4 1⅝d. per lb.
¼ lbs. cost packed 3s. 0½d. per doz. Sold at 6s. per doz.

Here again the profit is 100 per cent., the percentage of coffee being higher than in the last, namely, 40 per cent.

A third brand of Coffee is described in the company's circular as :—

> A blend of the finest East India with a suitable proportion of choicest chicory

As a matter of fact, the only difference between it and the coffee described above is that it is named differently, and that whereas the ½-lb. packets of the one coffee cost 3s. 1-6d., the ½-lb. packets of the other can be got for 2s. 3d.

We now come to Cocoa Powder, described in the circular as :—

> A scientific blend of bone.

Its composition is as follows :—

5½ lbs. Ground Cocoa Shells @ 14s. 6d. per cwt.
25 ,, Sugar @ 11s. 11d. per cwt.
13 ,, ,, @ 18s. 6d. per cwt.
10 ,, Arrowroot @ 3½d. per lb.
7 ,, Cocoa @ 10½d. per lb.
7 ,, ,, @ 1s. 0½d. per lb.

67½ lbs. Mixture. Cost 3 1½ d. per lb.
¼ lbs. cost packed 1s. 1½d. per doz.
¼ ,, ,, ,, 2s. 2½d. ,, ,, ,, ,,

Here we first come in contact with what is described as "ground cocoa shells." There is a manufactory in the East End of London, which shall for the moment be nameless, in which the husks of the dried cocoa are ground into powder for the purposes of this "scientific blend"—the "blend of bone," the company call it—the only bone being the cocoa husks used for the purpose we have named. Apparently it costs 14s. 6d. per cwt., which we should say is its full value. However that may be, the proportion of cocoa in the cocoa powder is not much more than 20 per cent.

Passing to chocolate, we have chocolate powder made as follows :—

10 lbs. Ground Cocoa shells @ 14s. 6d. per cwt.
28 ,, Sugar @ 11s. 11d. per cwt.
14 ,, ,, @ 18s. 6d. per cwt.
14 ,, Arrowroot @ 3½ per lb.
3½ ,, Cocoa @ 10½d. per lb.
3½ ,, ,, @ 1s. 0½d. per lb.

73 lbs. Mixture.
Cost per lb., 2⅜d. Sold at 4d. per lb.

Here again we have the ground cocoa, and the sugar, and the arrowroot, but of cocoa less than 10 per cent. Once more we find the profit getting on towards 100 per cent.

We might continue describing the constituents of the "various bone, muscle, and flesh-forming pure substances," to quote once more from the circular of the company, but we have said enough to make plain the shameless adulteration to which we desire to direct public attention.

It will be observed that we say nothing about tea. As a matter of fact, tea is not meddled with. It can be bought so cheaply nowadays that it is not worth while to adulterate it. And there is nothing to be complained of in the milk, the butter, the margarine, and the lard sold by these people. Here the explanation is different. It would pay to adulterate, but it is too dangerous. The Inspectors are always testing these articles, and so the tradesmen leave them alone. A most significant fact this. It suggests that if the Government insisted, as it ought to insist, upon rigid inspection of all articles of food, adulteration might be successfully grappled with.

It is perhaps only right to add that the firm from whose cost book the particulars cited here are taken has now sold its business, with all its branches. But it is a fair presumption that other firms and companies of the kind adulterate in much the same way. It may be said that the adulterants used are harmless, and no doubt they are, but after all, when the public ask for coffee they ought not to be given chicory, and chocolate powder ought not to be composed of ingredients of which only 7 per cent. are cocoa.

IX.—HUMAN DOCUMENTS.

SIR,—I will give you a few facts, resting fully assured of your sympathy and comments.

Last winter (1906), after a short illness—his only one—an old man of 80 years was dismissed by his employers, Messrs. ———, of Sittingbourne and Teynham. They had employed him for about 50 years, during which time he had had not one holiday. Of course, there is no pension, and no redress. His wife, his senior in years, is both blind and deaf. Their daughter is now compelled to give up her employment to wait upon and watch over her parents. The prospect is not a cheering one. Once, when trade was bad and the firm reduced the wages of his assistant, this old man made up the difference out of his own pocket.

How they are to live with all sources of income cut off is a problem. The case is a hard one, and opinion is that the firm have dealt very hardly with the old man. Quite a case for "old age pensions," which, alas! are not yet.

J. F.

IN THE CITY.

SIR WILLIAM LYNE'S FIGURES.

Really some of the Colonial men over here just now are very trying—and a little ridiculous. Witness Sir William Lyne, Minister of Customs in Australia. Sir William has been attending the Conference, and is annoyed because the Imperial Government, returned by an overwhelming majority of the electorate to support and perpetuate Free Trade, does not foreswear and dishonour itself by ratting to Protection. Well, Sir William Lyne is entitled to his opinion. What it is worth when he is dealing with facts may be gathered by the following statement made by him to the Australian Chamber of Commerce at the Baltic :—

"Nearly 20,000,000 Britishers outside Britain recommend Preference."

Is this the sort of rubbish that goes down in Australia? Not even Sir William Lyne would say that *all* colonists are Protectionists. But if they were, where are the "nearly 20,000,000 Britishers" to be found? If this egregious Minister will turn to a Blue Book issued last year entitled "Census of the British Empire" (cd. 2,660, price 3s. 5d.), he will find that in 1901 the total population of the Colonies represented at the Conference was as follows :—

Canada	5,371,315
Australia	3,577,000
New Zealand	816,214
Cape Colony	2,409,804
Natal	1,108,754
Newfoundland	202,040
Transvaal	1,268,716
	14,753,843

Of these a large minority are non-Britishers. In Canada more than a third of the population is of unmixed French descent. At the Cape the whites numbered 579,741, more than half of them Dutch; in Natal the whites numbered only 97,109; in the Transvaal only 299,327, a majority of them Dutch. In the May number of John Bull Over-Seas it is demonstrated that the total number of Britishers in Greater Britain, that is to say, in the self-governing Colonies, the Crown Colonies, the Protectorates, and India, is "not nearly 20,000,000," but much under 9,000,000. Says our contemporary, "If the coloured race inhabiting the territories enjoying self-government are excluded, there remains a total white population of 11,266,000. If from these 11,266,000 are deducted white men (the term includes women and children) of other than British descent, we have a remainder of 8,290,000."

THE CHURCH ARMY AND ITS ACCOUNTS.

In our last issue we directed attention to the Samaritan Employment Office and Bureau conducted by the Church Army, and to its system of charging the employers of clerks it recommends a much higher sum than it pays to the clerks themselves. We suggested that, whilst the practice of making the clerks assisted by the Bureau pay a portion of the cost of administration might be defended, the money it paid to the clerks was not in equitable proportion to the sums the Bureau received from employers for the service of these clerks. We have now to direct attention to the accounts themselves, and to invite explanation of certain items which seem to us to require explanation. It must be remembered that the Bureau is largely supported by the donations of the public. The public are appealed to in a very special manner by Mr. Carlile to send gifts in money and in goods for the maintenance of the Bureau, and therefore it is right that the public should have assurance that the monies subscribed are properly applied, that is to say, are applied in the way that the givers' assume them to be applied.

Now, in the income and expenditure account for 1905 which we published last week we find these two items under the respective heads of Income and Expenditure :—

(1) Work done by clerks	£1,319 11 0
(2) Paid clerks for work done (including food and grants under special distress)	1,672 9 1

From this it would appear that the money earned by the clerks is less by £352 18s. 1d. than the sum paid by the Bureau to the clerks, including food and grants in special distress. We are not able to reconcile these figures with the facts. As we showed last week, the Army takes, roughly speaking, about one-third of the sum paid by employers for the service of clerks recommended by the Bureau. How comes it, then, that according to the figures of the Income and Expenditure account, the Army pays the clerks £350 odd in excess of what the clerks earn through the introduction of the Bureau? Surely it must be the other way about? A firm pays for stamping 1s. 6d., and pays this 1s. 6d. to the Army; the Army pays the clerk who did the work 1s.—profit to the Army 6d. But according to the accounts the transaction results not in a profit, but a substantial loss to the Army. The only possible explanation is that "food and grants under special distress" eat up the profits earned from the clerks' labour, and a good deal more. But we are not able to accept this explanation as it stands. For what is the practice of the Employment Office and Bureau? It is open at nine o'clock in the morning; the clerks and others go to it to ask if there is work for them. If there is they are sent to it; if there is not, after a time they go away. Assuming there is work; they finish for the day at five o'clock; they then go back to the Bureau to be paid their wages; they do not, except in very exceptional cases, get anything to eat or drink; they go their way, and there is an end to them, so far as the Bureau is concerned, for the day. The only men who are fed by the Army are those who chop wood. These men work in a small yard adjoining the rectory; they get no payment for chopping the wood; all they get is a cup of coffee and a piece of bread, and a cup of soup some time in the middle of the day. The wood they chop is made up into bundles and sold by the Army at 3s. per 100 bundles. The wood itself mostly comes from housebreakers, and the Army pays for it on the average from 18s. to 20s. a ton. What the profit on the business worked upon these lines is may easily be imagined.

If we are right in our description of the practice of the Bureau, the figures given in the Income and Expenditure account which we reprinted last week would seem to be misleading. It is a serious matter, and we invite Mr. Carlile's early attention to it. We shall, of course, be happy to give his explanation.

THE LONDON UNITED LAUNDRIES, LTD.

Since last we referred to the position and prospects of this Company the scheme for reconstruction and the cutting down of capital has been sanctioned, and the Court is about to be asked to confirm it, as no doubt it will do. As a condition of withdrawing his opposition to the reconstruction scheme Mr. Seaton obtained from the Board a promise that they would resign, but that promise does not prevent the directors offering themselves for re-election by the shareholders of the Reconstruction Company, and it is their intention so to do. We cannot help thinking, however, that the shareholders would be well advised if they appointed a new Board. At the meeting held at the Cannon Street Hotel on March 8 last, one of the directors said that "they"—the directors—"had not been able to make the business pay, but that was not their fault. The people who managed the laundries were responsible for the state of affairs, not the Board." What the share of responsibility that may justly be attributed to the managers of the laundries may be we cannot say with precision, but it cannot exonerate the directors from responsibility. They were responsible for the appointment of the managers. That the Company have had a few useless managers—mostly friends and acquaintances of the Board—is a statement we are able to accept as representing the fact; but who engaged them? The Board. Had they been practical business men they would have known that these managers, imported from the North of Scotland, and knowing nothing about London, were very unsuitable men to take over and successfully run a London laundry. Practical directors would not have appointed them, and therefore the Board must accept responsibility for what came of their appointments. We may, however, point out that whatever be the faults of some of the managers, they have in the aggregate actually earned £126,918, of which only £34,884 has reached the shareholders in the shape of dividends.

The directors have not actually tendered their resignations as yet, but they will no doubt do so as soon as the Court has confirmed the scheme, in accordance with their undertaking. It will then be for the shareholders to decide whether they shall be re-elected. Our advice to the shareholders is to get a new Board, a Board of practical men, acquainted with metropolitan laundry business, and the conditions under which alone it can be worked successfully.

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THE BRITISH TEA TABLE COMPANY.

The shareholders of this Company met in general meeting on May 15 to hear what their chairman and other directors had to say in explanation of the continued fall in the value of the shares, and the disastrous position of the Company. It cannot be said that the explanation, when heard, was satisfying. Here is a Company that between 1899 and 1902-3 paid dividends of 12 per cent., which in the next year paid 11 per cent., dropped to 4 per cent. in the two following years, and now is unable to pay anything on the Ordinary shares, and cannot even pay anything on its Preference! What is Mr. J. P. Hurst's explanation? He protests that he and his colleagues have done their utmost for the Company, and he offers many explanations, but none of them convincing. He talks about "the protracted summer and the great heat," but the length of the summer, and the high temperature, did not prevent other companies doing a similar business, from maintaining and increasing their profits, and if in one case, why not in another? Then he speaks of "the extra cost of provisions," and the answer to that is similar to that given to the previous explanation. Then it seems "the tubes, motor 'buses, and electric trams enable people to get back to their homes much more speedily than they used to." We are really not surprised to read that this explanation was received with cries of "Rubbish!" Shops of the kind owned by this Company do their business mostly in the middle of the day. Those who go to them go from their work to their homes, and we have yet to learn that they leave that work earlier by reason of the advent of the tube and the electric tram. But over and above all these very unsatisfying explanations there is, says Mr. Hurst, "over competition." But even here we join issue with him. Having regard to the ever-growing population to be served, it is questionable whether the competition is much keener to-day than it was in those happy times when this Company paid its 12 per cent. dividend.

Mr. Hurst unconsciously gets near the truth in another portion of his speech in referring to what are known as the P. and P. Restaurants. Mr. Hurst says that "this at one time was an excellent trade, but for years it had been declining." Then the present directors looked into things, "had these depots improved, and tried to flog into them life," but without success. They had got a bad name, and could not get rid of it. The directors then determined "to see what could be done by sailing under a new flag, and under new conditions," and they converted the B.T.T. into what is now known as the B.R. "The result of this was immediately so satisfactory in point of receipts that they decided gradually to continue the conversion." Accepting this statement, what does it mean? That one set of restaurants ceased to be profitable because they ceased to be attractive, and that another and new set of restaurants proved to be profitable because they were made attractive. Why is it that Lyons' are paying huge dividends—dividends always on the increase—and the British Tea Table has gone down from 12 per cent. to nothing? It is no recondite question; there is no need to seek for fanciful explanations; the answer is simple and on the face of things. Lyons' give good value for the money spent with them, their shops are clean, the food is good, the attendance satisfactory. On the other hand, the shops of the British Tea Table are not attractive to look at, the appointments are not good, the food is inferior, and so the public naturally turn from the one to the other, and the dividends that have disappeared from the British Tea Table have gone to add to those of Lyons'. It is the explanation we have hammered home to the shareholders of Spiers and Pond. With that Company the position at one time was much stronger than ever it was with the British Tea Table. They had practically a monopoly of a particular and valuable class of trade. They abused it; they thought the public would stand anything; they gave less and less for the money tendered them by the public, and the result was what it always will be sooner or later, under like conditions, their profits disappeared. Whether it is possible to resuscitate the business of the British Tea Table Company we cannot say. A committee of investigation has been appointed, and it may be hoped that they will go to the bottom of things, and let the shareholders know what likelihood there is, in the opinion of practical men, of a revival of the business of the Company, given that efficient management without which no company can thrive.

THE SALVATION ARMY AND JOHN BULL.

Our attention has only just been directed to a circular issued by the Salvation Army to their insurance agents some time ago, in which they traverse statements made in the issue of JOHN BULL of December 8 last, and having regard to the position and accounts of the Salvation Army Assurance Society. At this late date we will only notice one observation in the circular, and this goes to the root of things.

> "Some may conclude," says the writer, "that the article is libellous, but what is libel is a question on which the lay and legal mind is at variance."

It may or may not be true that the lay and the legal mind differ as to what is libellous, but this is assuredly true, that if JOHN BULL makes a disparaging statement calculated to affect the credit of the Salvation Army Assurance Company, and to injure its business, and that statement is untrue, it is libellous, and if it is libellous the Salvation Army authorities have their remedy, which, up to the present, they have not thought fit to take in connection with the article in question.

The circular appears to have been written to reassure members and friends of the Army in Dundee, who had been troubled by our comments. To those members and friends of the organisation, and to all others interested in the Army and its doings, we direct attention to statements made in our issues of March 2, page 198, and April 27, page 394. In these two issues a prominent member of the Association, more particularly concerned with the Salvation Army Assurance Company, is charged with deliberate untruth in saying that the Salvation Army Assurance Company "do not encourage their agents in the transference of other companies' business." That is a very serious charge to make against anyone, and we need hardly say that if we have traduced "Major" Trounce he has his remedy in the Courts. But "Major" Trounce does not appeal to the Courts to uphold him, and has never sought to right himself, so far as we know, in the matter. He is content to remain silent under the charge. It would seem that he is of the opinion of the writer of the circular we have been commenting upon, who concludes that document with the following advice:—

> "One word—if you meet an opponent in a house, keep calm, say nothing rash, and you are sure to have victory."

NEW ISSUE.

On another page will be found the prospectus of the African Freehold Coal Lands, Ltd., formed to acquire, under the reorganisation scheme, 8,000 acres of freehold land near Middleburg, South Africa, comprising about 900 acres of proved coal lands. The small amount payable in cash is a noticeable feature.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—E. B. R. (Nutley).—You say that you have a £500 Bond upon which you have paid for 17 months which you wish to sell, and for which you would accept any "reasonable" offer. A. R. B. (Norwich).—You say that you have two Bonds in this Association for sale, one for £200 and the other for £300, fully paid. They will have been in force five years during the next three or four months, and are fully paid up and hold full benefits. You have paid on them just over £60, and wish to sell. A Reader (South Tottenham).—You say you have a Bond which you have had for 16 years on which you have paid £133 6s. 8d. which you would sell for £176, being the above amount actually paid, and eight years' interest on the same at 4 per cent., £42 13s. 4d. J. A. B. (Leicester).—You have a £500 Bond upon which you have paid £44. R. B. (St. John's Wood).—You have a £500 Bond upon which you have paid for six years or altogether £78. L. T. (Wandsworth)—You have a £500 Bond upon which you have paid £53 1s. 8d., and for which you would take a "reasonable" offer. A. J. O. (Clapham Common).—You omit to give particulars of the Bond you wish to sell. We will put anyone wanting these Bonds in communication with their owners. A. W. H. (Hammersmith).—We note that you have a £500 Bond and two £250 Bonds which you wish to sell. If anyone wants to buy we will put them into communication with you.

HUNGARIAN LOTTERY.—CAUTIOUS (Dublin).—(1) We advise you not to have any dealings with the "Royal Hungarian 20th Lottery" or any other. Of course these State lotteries are genuine in a sense, but somehow or other the substantial prizes seldom come to this country. (2) We are glad to know that our warning reached you in time to save you from making the purchase to which you refer.

NATIONAL BENEFIT TRUST.—NOVRIO (Peebles).—We note that you have a £200 Bond upon which you have paid £36, and that you would be glad to sell it at a reasonable price. We will give your address to anyone who may tell us they want such a Bond.

EMERALD MINES, LIMITED.—DOUBT (Manchester).—We should not increase the holding, and we think you would have been wiser if you had not purchased any of these shares.

SOME INVESTMENTS.—SCOT (Liverpool).—The three shares you name represent sound companies, and we should advise you to hold.

WORKMEN'S ACCIDENT COMPENSATION SOCIETY.—J. H. (Barry).—We think not, but we will answer you more fully next week.

STOCK EXCHANGE SPECULATION.—J. B. (Bedford Park).—Perhaps it is as well you have no capital for speculation. You are evidently of a very impressionable nature.

CAMP BIRDS.—"FROTH" (Littlehampton).—We do not advise a purchase.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—"PAUL" (Kingsgate-on-Sea).—We do not recommend the firm in question. B. S. G. (Bromley).—We do not recommend dealings with any of the firms you mention. "Welshman."—Have nothing to do with the firms mentioned.

THE UNITED KINGDOM INVESTMENT CORPORATION.—J. R. W. (Brentford).—Your interpretation of our meaning was quite correct, but do not act upon it until we have communicated with you further.

MARIENBAD, KISSINGEN, AND NATURAL SPRING PRODUCTS COMPANY.—F. C. S. (East Dulwich).—The whole thing is highly speculative, as we indicated in our last issue. Large sums would have to be spent in advertising if the company is to succeed, and that cannot be done on a nominal capital of £25,000.

LOAN ON GROUND RENTS.—GROUND (Brentford).—Try your own bankers or solicitors. In the present state of the money market, 5 per cent. would be a fair rate.

PAID TO THE PEOPLE.

2½ per cent. on Daily Current Account Balances.
4 per cent. to 6 per cent. on Deposits.
5 per cent. on Thrift Accounts (up to £10).
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AMONG THE LAWYERS.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

A correspondent rebukes us for not publishing a letter he addressed to us in reply to an article on "Imprisonment for Debt," which appeared in JOHN BULL of March 30. He is good enough to say that we have not published his letter because it is unanswerable, and we do not like to be proved to be in the wrong. We can assure our correspondent that he does us much injustice. We are always glad to hear the other side, and we should have published his communication, which, we may add, is that of a lawyer of many years experience, if the letter had been less lengthy. Our space is limited, and however excellent a letter may be we cannot always, or often, find room for lengthy communications. However, we summarise below the case for imprisonment as submitted by our correspondent.

It may be remembered that we took exception to Sir William Bull's statement in Parliament that it takes 16 or 17 months to enforce payment of even a small debt. Our correspondent says this is not the case, and this is how he supports his assertion. Having got to the stage of an order against the defendant for a small sum per month, or in default committal to prison,

> The defendant, who in most cases is fully conversant with the County Court procedure, knows full well that it is unnecessary for him to comply with this order, and therefore the plaintiff generally waits some three months or so in order to allow the amount of the arrears due under the Judge's order to have attained a sum worth his while to take out a committal summons upon, and then after another delay of some eight weeks, again providing that the Judge will make a small committal order on the hearing, another month is usually allowed for payment of the first instalment, and should the defendant comply with the order it is then some *eleven* months from commencing proceedings before the first payment is made, and the arrears on the first order are paid by instalments extending over a further period of perhaps 12 to 18 months, and then another committal summons has to be taken out for the balance of the arrears due under the first order, so that it will be seen that Sir William Bull's statement is well within the mark and not exaggerated in the slightest degree.

Of course, if the plaintiff "waits some three months or so" before he takes the steps that the law permits him to take in order to get his debtor to gaol, it is easy enough to prolong what we may call the transition period from freedom to prison; but it is not very likely that a creditor who has pursued a debtor by means of distraint, examination as to means, and application for committal, would allow any such delay. Our correspondent goes on to comment upon our statement that the present system of committal tells more in favour of the tallyman than anybody else, by saying "this is quite out of the question." But why it is out of the question he does not explain. He says that if the power of committal was done away with it would be "little short of a calamity" to small shopkeepers. We cannot agree. It is not the decent small shopkeeper who resorts to committal orders, but, for the most part, a very different and disreputable class of creditor. It is quite possible that the abolition of imprisonment for debt would lessen credit, which would be an unmixed benefit to everybody worth considering. It was the intention of Parliament when it passed the Act under which committals are now made that nobody should be sent to prison for debt who had not been proved to be a man who could pay but would not pay. As matters stand, the intention of Parliament is ignored in scores of Courts. Whilst here and there the judge respects the spirit of the law, in a large proportion of the cases judges violate it by granting committal orders without anything approaching adequate proof of means.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All legal questions submitted to the Editor must comply with the following rules:—

(1) Only one subject must be dealt with in each question, and only one side of the paper should be written on.

(2) Each question should be as short as possible and should not be in the form of a letter to JOHN BULL, as the Editor, though delighted to receive the flattering remarks of his correspondents, has no time to wade through a lot of unnecessary matter before he arrives at the question on which an opinion is sought. Time is money.

(3) Each question should have a short heading giving the subject of the inquiry, followed by the nom de plume of the writer and the name of the place (in brackets) where he resides. For form see replies below.

(4) Anonymous questions will not be answered. Every question must have the name and address of the sender written on the back.

(5) Correspondents should keep exact copies of all the questions they send us in case we reply by reference to numbers.

VALUE OF LEASE ("Leaseholder").—The value depends so much upon local circumstances.

REGISTRATION OF MORTGAGE.—"KAY" (Folkestone).—Yes, the register would be searched by the solicitor, and every mortgage registered would stand in front of any unregistered. There should be no fear of forged deeds if the precautions indicated were taken.

COMPANY'S SEAL.—T. H. B. (Bakewell).—There is nothing to prevent the company having a second seal made, as they are entitled to have any common seal they choose to adopt for the time being.

ALTERATION OF NAME.—"NORVIC" (Bromley).—You cannot alter your name in the manner proposed, and the only way in which you could alter it would be by executing a deed and having it registered. This is quite unnecessary. Stick to your name and remember that by English law your son if born in the British Dominions is a Briton and not a foreigner.

PATENT MEDICINE.—J. G. (Kennington).—It is illegal to sell any medicine as a cure for any ailment unless each packet bears a stamp. You would be liable to heavy fines if you omitted the stamps.

DISTRAINT.—"CYMRO" (Cardiff).—You can only distrain for rent after it has become due and has been demanded. If goods are removed to avoid the payment of rent you can follow them and distrain on them within 30 days.

EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY.—E. R. (Wilmslow).—The company are not liable for anything more than they have done, and you have no remedy against them.

INTESTACY.—T. B. M. (Clapton).—The children are in the position of executors, and but for the small value of the property would be made liable for the debts to the extent of what they received, but as it would be necessary to take out letters of administration the creditors will probably do nothing now. They cannot proceed against the eldest son.

HEIR.—"PEACOCKS" (Sleaford).—The brother who paid off the charge of the building society is the proper owner.

DEATH OF EMPLOYER.—J. F. (Erdington).—You cannot claim salary from both parties. As you elected to go on with the new proprietor you have abandoned all claims on the executors.

POWER OF DISPOSAL BY WILL.—G. S. (Wood Green).—A man can leave his property at his death to whom he pleases, and his wife has no claim on it under the English law.

EMPLOYMENT OF SOLICITORS BY EXECUTORS.—"ANXIOUS" (Sidcup).—We are afraid that the executors have the whole thing in their hands, and they cannot be prevented from incurring reasonable law costs. Your best course is to inform the executors that if they incur any unnecessary expenses you will require them to make good the loss, and you can threaten to apply to the County Court for an order to administer the estate under the control of the Court.

DISMISSAL.—"BRITISH WORKER" (Holloway).—You are not entitled to a week's wages in lieu of notice.

PREVENTION OF CORRUPTION ACT.—W. Y. (Manchester).—The case of a commission agent introducing a new customer to a firm of manufacturers, and taking a commission for so doing, without informing the buyer, would come under the Act.

JOINT HOLDING.—"TAURUS."—If the shares were held jointly they would vest in the survivor and estate duty would not be payable on the death of either party.

INCOME TAX.—H. E. G. (Newport).—The man could not be taxed as he is out of England, and his wife would be entitled to exemption as her income would be less than £160 per annum.

MORTGAGE INTEREST IN ARREAR.—"IGNORAMUS" (Wales).—If the interest is not paid the mortgagee can take the property and sell it. The only way is to arrange for time to be given as an extension.

PREVENTION OF CORRUPTION ACT.—"STEWARD" (Merton).—The Act would not apply to the solicitation from customers of a subscription to a beanfeast.

COLLECTION OF INTEREST.—"TRUSTEE BONDHOLDER" (Sussex).—It is possible that the Savings Bank would undertake the collection of the interest if the woman opened an account and paid in the dividend coupons as they fell due. She could then keep the bond herself. We cannot see any other way in which she could get the money collected without incurring costs. Write to the Postmaster-General on the point.

PROBATE CHARGE.—"BELMONT" (Liverpool).—The cost would amount to not more than two pounds. You can ascertain the exact fees on inquiry of the Registrar.

DAMAGE TO NEIGHBOUR'S PREMISES BY FIRE.—ACCIDENT (Manchester).—Compensation cannot be claimed from you.

BANKRUPTCY.—H. A. L. (Mincing Lane).—This case seems to us to come under the Factors' Act, and the effect would be to vest the property in the person to whom the goods were consigned with power of sale. Your only course seems to be to prove in the bankruptcy, and we do not see how you can claim to be secured creditors.

FURNITURE IN FRIEND'S HOUSE.—A. W. (Denmark Hill).—The only course is for the parties to have an agreement properly drawn up and executed with a schedule setting out who is the owner of the property in the house.

WIDOWED DAUGHTER'S FUNERAL.—B. R. (Birmingham).—The father is liable at common law for the expenses of the burial of the body, as the lady died in his house. The absent son is not in any way legally liable, and the doctor has his remedy for his charges against the persons who sent for him.

GRAPHOLOGY.—"GRAPHO" (Glasgow).—There is no law to prevent a person advertising the matter to which you refer, but if there is any chance of the business being treated by the police as an illegal one there might be trouble.

BANKRUPTCY.—"UNIVERSITY" (Putney).—The petitioning creditor can proceed in London. The lady must pay the costs, as the decision did not show that the solicitor had been guilty of negligence, and she therefore has no right of action against him. The pension cannot be attached, but the best course is to lay the facts before the War Office.

PRESSURE BY MONEY-LENDERS.—"VAE VICTIS" (Surrey).—We sympathise with you, and can tell you that from a legal point of view you have no occasion to fear imprisonment for the debt, as no Court would award it. We know of no institution such as you refer to, and the best advice we can give you is to place your affairs in the hands of some respectable solicitor, and get him to make terms for you. We should strongly advise you to lay the facts before the directors of your employer company, and inform them that you have no alternative but to resist the exorbitant demands of the money-lenders, and they would doubtless support you. As soon as the other side saw that they could not squeeze you by threatening to make the disclosure to your employers, they would only too gladly compromise. They always do. We do not recommend firms of solicitors, but you ought to know one whom you could trust.

DEBT DUE BY MINOR.—LEONARD (Swansea).—As you were under 21 the contract cannot be enforced, and we should advise you to give notice to the Registrar of the Court that you were under age and cannot pay, and that that will be your defence. Send a copy of this notice to the plaintiffs in the event of their summoning you.

DUTIES OF LICENSED VICTUALLER.—T. C. H. (Wealdstone).—If you ask for beer and get something else you are not compelled to take it, but a man cannot be compelled to serve you with whatever you ask for. The publican can make his own arrangements as to what part of his premises shall be used for the sale of liquor by imperial measure.

FURNISHED APARTMENTS.—"QUERIST" (Leicester).—Unless you did damage beyond wear and tear you are not liable, and we should advise you to contest it. If you pay a sum into court and the plaintiff does not recover more he will not get any costs. A judgment for under £3 carries costs, but they are very small.

SOMETHING NEW.—Many people residing far from centres experience difficulty in raising a few pounds ready cash. THOMSON BROS., Pawnbrokers, established over 100 years, lend sums, small and large, against Jewellery, etc., sent them by post. Low interest charged (2s. 6d. per month for £10). Cash by return. Carriage paid both ways. London addresses: 158, High Street, Borough; 200, The Grove, Stratford; 8, Roman Road, Barnsbury. Bankers, London and County. Please quote this paper.

LONDON'S CHINESE COLONY.

FACTS ABOUT THEIR HOME LIFE.

We are just becoming conscious that a small but rapidly-growing Chinese Colony exists in London and Liverpool. In a few years from now Chinamen will be as numerous in the East End as Russian and Polish Jews are to-day, if the prognostications, made by those who are said to be cognisant of the changes that are taking place in China, are to be relied upon.

Beyond sensational statements concerning opium dens, which give one the impression that the overwhelming majority of the Celestials are addicted to this vice, nothing seems to be known of the home life of our yellow fellow citizens, and their occupations when they settle in our midst.

Some little time ago I had the good fortune to become on friendly terms with a courteous, educated Chinese performer at a West End variety theatre. He introduced me to several of his countrymen who reside permanently in London, and eventually I received an invitation to spend the evening at the house of a Chinaman at Limehouse, who would be happy to give a little supper party in honour of his English guest.

Chang Sow, my host, is the proprietor of a Chinese boarding-house. It is licensed as a "common lodging-house" by the L.C.C., but the house itself and its occupants are decidedly uncommon to English eyes.

The lower part consists of a Chinese general shop. The owner's name and occupation are painted outside in red and black Chinese characters, along with a sign, that his house is the headquarters of a lodge of a secret society, the "Wah Hep," of which more anon.

The window and the shelves inside were packed with Chinese goods, cannisters of tea, tinned foods bearing Chinese inscriptions, weird looking roots and herbs used for medicinal purposes, bags of rice, and strangely-shaped loaves. On the counter stood a large ham, and the shop and its contents were apparently guarded by a huge dragon, made of blue silk, with fiery eyes and great red teeth. The tail of this monster, which stretched out fully seven feet, was constructed like a concertina, and was beautifully painted.

Chang Sow, who is politeness personified, explained that itinerant wrestlers attend fairs in China, and they wear the dragon's head, with its body and tail streaming behind them when they issue challenges to the audience to compete with them in wrestling bouts.

With many smiles Chang Sow ushered me upstairs into a large room that contained two beds, a square table, and sixteen Chinese who were seated on chairs and on the sides of the beds.

They rose up as we entered, and bowed and laughed. I had heard that Chinamen bore such an extraordinary resemblance to each other that it was almost impossible for a European to distinguish one from another. The Chinamen at Chang Sow's differed as much in appearance from one another as sixteen average Englishmen would. Everything in the room was spotlessly clean. On the wall hung a printed L.C.C. form of the regulations appertaining to registered lodging-houses, with a Chinese translation by its side. A double-crown poster sheet, covered with painted Chinese characters, I was informed, was a translation of the "Aliens' Act," and a smaller sheet contained a request "not to spit when smoking!"

The Chinese were all well dressed in European clothes, and wore their pig tails wound round their heads. Most of them had silver watches and chains, and many wore gold signet rings. As far as attire went, they might have been residents of a good commercial hotel instead of a licensed "doss" house. "Welly nice overcoat," said a young Chinese, as he felt the texture of the cloth, and examined the workmanship of my coat curiously. "How much you pay?"

Rather surprised at the question, but imagining it to be Chinese etiquette to inquire the cost of a guest's clothes, I told him £3 3s. "Too muchee," was his response. "My coat cost £3 10s., but I tell 'Wah Hep.' He bring tailor from China, plenty China 'Wah Hep' men; there we buy cloth, tailor makes clothes plenty cheap, cheaper than Jew man. Look! he make all our clothes, we save money, tailor man also grow rich!"

My informant, I discovered, was engaged at a fur-pullers, where he was earning 30s. weekly. The "Wah Hep" is a secret friendly society, with branches all over the world.

Its members are pledged to mutual aid. Assistance is given to emigrants, who are supplied with clothes and money. When they arrive in a strange country they are started in a business, such as a lodging-house or laundry, or else found employment. A court exists to settle disputes, and members are instructed to avoid going to law and to submit all differences to the arbitration of the "Wah Hep."

The intelligent young Chinese who gave me this outline of the "Wah Hep," stated that his countrymen paid far more attention to their society than to the law of any country they may happen to be in. The great weapon of the "Wah Hep" is the boycott. Members who offend are ostracised, and employers of Chinese labour who have been proved to be bad masters are boycotted. In San Francisco I was assured there were numerous hotels and boarding-houses that had been black-listed by the "Wah Hep," and it was impossible for their owners to obtain a Chinese servant or cook. The houses are marked in some manner inside and out with a secret sign, which, directly a Chinese sees, he avoids.

"How about the Chinese on the Rand?" I enquired; "they appear to be badly treated. Why does not the Society help them?"

"Plenty bad men most likely," was the reply. "Maybe kicked out. Chinaman no use for them." A remark that gave me the impression that once a Chinese was expelled from his society, the members became completely indifferent to his welfare. Indeed, I have a shrewd suspicion that if he happened to become prosperous outside his society, the members would be apt to make things uncomfortable for him, to say the least.

Our conversation was interrupted by music, which heralded the preparations for supper.

A young Chinese who spoke no English struck up a weird air on a "samien," or Chinese violin, an instrument that resembles in shape an exaggerated guitar, with enormous keys and two strings. Another yellow youth with a smiling face created a horrible din on a Chinese drum, which consisted of a bowl of sandal wood, beautifully carved and mounted upon four legs. The sound of the "samien" is not unlike the drone of the bagpipe, and the music I was favoured with, which I was told was a love ballad, certainly suggested the melodies of Caledonia in a grotesque manner.

A clean cloth was next spread on the table. Ebony chop-sticks were placed before each guest and beautifully-carved sandle-wood spoons. Large thin china bowls of delicious golden-brown tea, without sugar or milk, were served as a preliminary. It was so delicate in flavour that, even to an English palate, sugar and milk were unnecessary. Chang Sow informed me that the tea it was made from was worth 21s. a pound in this country.

Soup followed, luscious and garlicky in flavour, in large blue and white basins heaped up with a thin glutinous kind of macaroni. Next came lobster, mixed with spices and rolled in little cylinders, and then duck, cut in wedges and beautifully browned and flavoured. The pastry that concluded the repast was the lightest and flakiest I have ever seen. It was made into little tarts containing preserved ginger, figs, and, strange to say, little cubes of fat pork. The Chinese, to my astonishment, took pepper with their sweets, and their appetites appeared prodigious.

I was next entertained with conjuring tricks and music, and at a late hour I left the hospitable Chang Sow's establishment impressed with the following views:—First, that the Chinese, even those who do not speak the language, know a great deal more about England and its customs than we imagine; secondly, that, judging from the men I had met, they are clean, industrious, healthy, and considerably more intelligent as workers or craftsmen than Englishmen in an approximate station of life; thirdly, that before we are many years older we shall hear that Chinamen will be usurping the situations in Bloomsbury boarding-houses, at present held by Swiss and German house-boys, who are so largely displacing English servant-girls, and that the East End Jews will find them formidable competitors in tailoring, boot-making and furniture-manufacturing.

Whether this will lead to a reduction of wages remains to be seen, but I for one am convinced that through their societies they have the sense of brotherhood so strongly developed, that if our own people would only treat them as Equals and Brothers, then their powerful organisations would be willing to work harmoniously with British trades unions, the working of which they understand very well, and which—I speak for the Chinese I supped with—they regard as beneficent institutions, like their own "Wah Hep" fraternity.

F. V. C.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.
RED WHITE & BLUE
For Breakfast & after Dinner.

CROSLAND ON COCOA.

By R.O'T.

"The Beautiful Teetotaler," by T. W. H. Crosland. (London: The Century Press, 1907.)

Mr. Crosland is so merry that he must delight even strenuous advocates of temperance like myself. He makes us sit up and rub our eyes and wonder whether our fellow-advocates are really very wise in their methods. Indeed, it becomes quite clear that he is himself an ardent friend of moderation, a scoffer only because he fears that fanatical teetotalers may discredit the cause. As he points out, the denunciation of alcohol is largely a fashion and a fear:

> The reason why the mouths of gentlemen who write in a more or less sensible way about the drink traffic are full of meal is that they are sempiternally in dread that because they do not cry out about drink they will be set down by the vulgar for assiduous and incorrigible bibbers.

But Mr. Crosland is fortunate in the possession of greater moral courage, knowing that, if he were libelled, he could always appeal to the Law Courts in the confidence of finding "one good judge to make mirth and another good judge to shed tears." This being so, it is strange that other writers have failed to criticise the crude methods of the fanatics. But the explanation is that "nobody seems to care in the least. The people in the pot-houses have no minds, the people in the clubs no souls, and the people in Parliament have neither minds nor souls."

Perhaps Mr. Crosland's most effective flash is his ironical attack upon what he calls "cocoholism." He traces the connection between cocoa and crime, pointing out the large consumption of that "destructive beverage" in our gaols, its violent effrontery upon our hoardings, and its ruinous effect "alike in the fairest and humblest of British homes."

> And the result! Well, for one thing, the gentlemen (and ladies) of England are steadily losing their figures and falling easy victims to fatty degeneration, shortness of breath, oiliness of complexion, thickness of utterance, and deplorable embonpoint. And not only are they losing their figures, but they are also losing their heads, for cocoa is a dull, soul-clogging, spirit-flattening, stupefying drink, provocative of apathy, drabness and smugness, political stodginess and obliqueness, and sullen rebellion and disloyalty. All passive resisters, suffragettes, labour members, and literary and artistic mountebanks will be found by the curious enquirer to be confirmed cocoa-drinkers.

As a friend of temperance Mr. Crosland is certainly justified in reproving a Mr. Hall Caine, who appears to have published a tract or story, entitled "Drink," selling 175,000 copies at 6d. each. For this Mr. Caine appears to be as ignorant as he is dull; to rely upon an untrained imagination for his facts, and actually to describe alcohol as "the great hypnotist," a concession which ought not to have been made by a true teetotaler. Mr. Plowden, the comic magistrate, is also very properly reprimanded for stating, in Mr. Caine's appendix, that "the craving for stimulants is capable of being turned into an instrument of harmless delight." No doubt this was one of Mr. Plowden's cryptic quips. He must have been alluding to the delight which we all feel in resisting temptation. But his meaning remains ambiguous, and I fear lest his phrase may enable some enemy to blaspheme.

The bards of cocoholism are also fair game, and might almost have been subsidised by those who seek to ridicule the cause. Apart from their literary shortcomings, with which Mr. Crosland is largely concerned, they must also disgust by their futility and even imbecility. Here is an extract "from a pink tract sold to unsuspecting young cold-water drinkers":

> Tell us not of mighty labours
> Wrought by men of wine-stained lip,
> Mightier deeds were his who sought for
> Water cool and pure to sip,

the which is entirely unsupported by history or experience. And here is a "wild and whirling dithyramb" for the "tiny tots of temperance":

> To every boy and girl we call,
> In accents clear and strong,
> Oh, shun the drink-shop's fatal spell,
> And pass the word along:
> Don't step there,
> Don't step there,
> Don't step there,
> For if not careful we may fall,
> Don't step there.
> *Chorus*—Hurrah! Hurrah! tra la la la.
> Hurrah! Hurrah! tra la la la.
> Hurrah! Hurrah! hurrah hurrah.
> Hurrah! Hurrah! tra la la la la.

Even assuming that the drunken children of England are so numerous as to need a special warning, are they likely to be led into the right path by hysterical appeals of this kind?

I do not follow Mr. Crosland in all his arguments with regard to temperance legislation, but he has certainly done well in warning us against false friends; he has written a very amusing, altogether breezy, book; and, if he be right in laying all the blame of intemperance upon cocoa, then by all means let us away with cocoa.

"The MacPeever Wrangles." By A. P. MacDonald. (John Leng and Co. 1907. 6d.)

To say that this little book is by the author of "The Adventures of the Hon. Leo. Fantassé," is to assure it a warm welcome. The same pretty wit sparkles through its pages, the same infectious spirits dissipate "past regrets and future fears." Mr. and Mrs. MacPeever wrangle with so evident a substratum of good humour that we wish they would go on wrangling for ever. Mrs. MacPeever wakes up and hears a man creeping in stealthily through the kitchen window. She makes many unsuccessful attempts to awaken her husband. At last he can no longer turn a deaf ear, but he pooh-poohs her alarms. She regrets that her son Jeemsie has gone away, as she "wud then hae the assurance that there was a man in the hoose."

> The thrust missed fire, to use the mixed metaphor of a warlike lady novelist.
> "I thoct ye woke me for the express purpose o' givin' me the assurance that there was a man in the hoose?" Thus retaliated MacPeever with subtle density.
> "And ye're feared to gang doon to him, I suppose. I dinna ken hoo'ever onybody believed in ye when ye volunteered for the front at the time o' the Boer War. Nae doot ye were relyin' on the age leemit and your bein' a mairried man for your rejection."

After many engaging recriminations they found that the malefactor was "gorgin' himsel' wi' the remains o' that leathery steak-pie" which Mrs. MacPeever had made. She suggested a forward movement, but MacPeever said:—

> "I'm evolvin' my strategy. A' great meelitary leaders, from Joshua to Oyama, hae recognised that as the first preenciple o' warfare." . . . Then the kitchen door opened wide, and the figure of a man offered a splendid target for the bottle of hair wash that, with unerring aim, struck the wall in his vicinity. There it burst, like a lyddite shell, spreading its odoriferous contents far and wide. "Whatever are you playing at, dad?" marvelled the burglar at this stage of the conflict.

It was Jeemsie, who had missed his train and crept home through the kitchen window.

THE UNWRITTEN LAW.

NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME CODIFIED.

Whereas confusion has arisen through the various renderings of the unwritten law and no man knoweth whether or when his life is safe;

Be it Enacted, by the King's most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice of all squeamish, hysterical, and hypochondriac persons within these realms and overseas as follows:—

1. This Act shall be known as the Criminals' Licensing Act, 1907.

Execution.—1. No penalty shall be attached to the execution of rich and law-abiding citizens by upholders of the unwritten law, provided always:

§1. That the said citizens shall be accused, without proof, of immorality; §2, that the said citizens are the alleged parents of their executioners; or §3, that the said citizens have previously gratified their executioners with gifts of love or money.

Vitriol.—2. Lovers' quarrels may be settled by an appeal to vitriol and no penalty shall be exacted, saving only such penalties as may be due under the Employers' Liability Acts.

Flogging.—3. In cases where a coloured subject of His Majesty may be suspected of discourtesy towards a white subject of His Majesty, whenever the judicial authorities shall have pronounced that no discourtesy was offered, the white subject shall be entitled to secure and flog the coloured subject in the presence of the populace (*coram populo*).

Bookmakers.—4. Bookmakers, being enemies of the human race, are without the pale of the law and may be blackmailed with impunity.

Jealousy.—5. Husbands and lovers are entitled to shoot suspected persons at sight, and there shall be no offence committed even though they may have been mistaken as to the grounds for their jealousy.

Patriotism.—6. Colonial Governors, who assume to uphold the honour of their country against intruding Yankees, shall be dismissed on the ground of old age or any other pretext.

Short Title.—This Act may be cited as the Criminals' License Act, 1907.

FROM EAST TO WEST.

TWO GREAT CENTRES.

By A. Douglas.

To-day we are nothing if not progressive. Nothing will serve us but that the maximum of advantage shall be obtained at the minimum of expenditure in time. Do we need anything, we must needs go to a centre, somewhere where a choice can be made, and where we are sure the article we desire can be obtained, if, indeed, we may not have set our minds on the unattainable. At the same time, we have not the least intention of foregoing one of the advantages which can be obtained anywhere else.

A live business firm recognises this demand and provides accordingly. Acting on this principal, the Hackney Furnishing Company have just opened extensive premises—93, 95, 97, and 99, Oxford Street—for the better accommodation and economy of time of their West-End customers, who have been a very growing number on their books, since the advantages of their enormous selection, expert judgment, low prices, and exceptionally favourable trading system have become generally known. At their new address the Hackney Furnishing Company, having during their thirty odd years' trading made Hackney a centre of the furnishing industry, and knowing that the more wealthy patrons have in many cases hesitated to go so far to see the goods they contemplated purchasing, have gone straight for the latest and undoubtedly most convenient centre for the same trade in the West End. There is now no need for the dweller in the West to go further than the bottom of Newman Street to receive the most courteous attention, the largest selection offered by any firm in the world, and the most fair terms possibly attainable; as there has been no need in the past for the dweller in the North or East to go further than Hackney. At both these establishments the firm undertake Furnishing for everyone.

"Furnishing for everyone," the reader may remark, "is a very bold proposition. To undertake to supply rich and poor alike is to do that which at first sight seems beyond the means of any ordinary firm. There is not merely the enormous variety of class in furniture, artistic, economical, and serviceable, but there is the necessity of meeting the varying financial positions of the would-be purchasers. For anyone to make such a boast, it must be essential that he possess a thoroughly efficient and enormous organisation, perfected through years of experience." The Hackney Furnishing Company, of which Mr. A. M. Stewart is the Founder and Managing Director, the originators of the system of deferred payments, make this assertion. At Hackney, their original home, they have over 6½ acres of showroom area, being one of the largest furnishing stores in the metropolis. Their new premises, Nos. 93, 95, 97, 99, Oxford Street, have been described as "the prettiest shops in London." The management has been entrusted to Mr. Michael Pearl, whose great reputation in the North is known to all. In these two establishments can be seen furniture fit to grace the most elegant mansion, and also furniture fit to withstand the hard and constant wear of the artisan's home. The whole are supplied at strictly moderate prices, either for cash or upon the Hackney Furnishing Company's Improved "Model" System.

In these go-ahead times it is wholly unnecessary for any middle-class home to be meanly furnished. The clerk or artisan can stock his home with artistic treasures such as his forefathers never dreamed of possessing. He can surround himself with the products of best workmanship—products which are the last word in artistic design, high quality, and durability.

When, some years ago, Mr. A. M. Stewart founded the Hackney Furnishing Company, it was looked upon by some in the light of a hazardous experiment, but the system he then inaugurated, and which is described by the whole Press as the "Model System," was destined to fill a public want.

By the Hackney Furnishing Company's system, the young man in a clerkship, or the warehouseman, enjoys the same terms of credit as those obtained by people in a much higher social position. He is not obliged to be content with an inferior article, one which will be a constant reproof to him, because that is the best his ready cash will run to.

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Write to-day to the Hackney Furnishing Company, Town Hall Buildings, Mare Street, Hackney, N.E., or to 93, 95, 97, and 99, Oxford Street, W., for the superbly-illustrated catalogue, sent you post free. You will be astonished at its completeness. It would be practically impossible to name anything pertaining to the furnishing or decoration of a home which the firm do not stock, and of which they cannot offer a large selection. In fact, when you have paid them a visit, or, failing that, looked carefully through their catalogue, you will assuredly say, "Here, indeed, is Furnishing for Everyone."

OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

Alfred Austin, Esq., Poet Laureate, Swinford Old Manor, Ashford, Kent.

Dear Alf,—What an exAustin—excuse me, but you are so provocative—topic of discussion you are. Why, in the name of Parnassus, don't you keep out of the wars and cultivate your un-divine afflatus quietly under your own apple tree? You should know well enough from your Shakespearean quotation book that comparisons are odorous; yet you are always challenging comparisons. I note that at a "function" the other day at which the American Ambassador was present you deplored the dearth of poets in America, "a country which," you said, "has produced so many millionaires." You never had any poetry, and, believe me, I don't think you will ever have any tact.

Naturally, Mr. Whitelaw Reid was at your throat at once. "I think the statement might equally well be applied to England," he said. "I do not think there has been a really great English poet since Tennyson." You were the copious gentleman who got Tennyson's job when he died, of course; nobody else wanted it, and nobody else would have it. But you waltzed into the place without a blush, and have been producing journalistic rhymes ever since, under the delusion that they were poetry. The American Ambassador was, therefore, quite accurate in his retort. It may be that as a poet you will be remembered when Tennyson is forgotten—but not till then. Do be quiet. Don't think you sing like a nightingale, just because you chirp like a sparrow.

JOHN BULL.

To George Grossmith, Esq.

My dear "G. G.,"—Sorry to hear you were taken in and very much put out. That red-haired girl, it seems, has been giving several people ginger.

Scissors! What a sell! Her story about the school, too, was all kid.

But the scissors might be handy. With a little paste you would be able to run a paper.

Cheer up! Scissors part to meet again.

JOHN BULL.

Hall Caine, Esq., Novel-maker, Isle of Man.

Immortal Sir,—Had your photograph taken lately? If not, I think you should see an operative artist at once. That is to say, if the rumour be true that you have decided to abolish your beard and moustache in the interests of the utterly surprising. I should be delighted to see you clean shaven, if only to satisfy myself that your noble dome of thought compared favourably with the lower portions of your façade.

It is not for me to say how these things leak out, but one of the papers says it is whispered (of course you whisper nothing, personally) that you have chosen Jerusalem for the setting of your new novel. (By the way, I never knew you to write a new novel yet.) Now, if you really intend to write a new novel, you may as well go to Jerusalem to do it as anywhere else, though if you had asked my opinion I should certainly have advised you to go to Jericho. I know several Jerusalem novels, but Jericho is a virgin field, rich in local colour. You will find it six hours north-west of Jerusalem—what there is left of it.

You will, of course, recall that the groves of Jericho were given by Antony to Cleopatra and passed to Herod, who had rather a pretty villa there. He beautified the town and subsequently died in it. This is all I know about the town personally, but I believe that if you follow the man from Cook's he will show you places where the archæologists have been digging and struck a load of old bricks. You can make your novel out of the bricks, and throw in Antony and Cleopatra and Herod as trimmings. Don't take less than £10,000 for the MSS. when you have done it.

JOHN BULL.

T. W. Russell, Esq., M.P., Irish Agricultural Department, Dublin.

Me Dear T. W.,—Ye've me hear-rty congrathulations, ye have. I always congrathulate aneybody that can get a lar-rge salary widout havin' done aneything in par-rtiklar to ear-rn it. Ye remind me av Gineral C. in the "Biglow Papers"; ye'll remimber the sthyle av the litheratchoor:

"General C. is a dreffle smart man,
He's been on all sides that give places or pelf;
But consistency still wuz a part of his plan—
He's ben true to one parthy, and thet is himself."

I hear the news thet ye've now ben appointhed Vice-Praycident iv the Oirish Departhment iv Agricultchoor, so ye'll prisinthly bloom on the Trishury Bench agin, an' if aneybody catches ye wid a blush on yer bloomin' chake whin ye get there—well, they can tell me iv it.

The lasth toime I saw ye on th' Trishury Bench ye waz bloomin' as a Tory, an' ye'd ben collecthin' th' salary wid great regularithy f'r foive years. Before that ye was a Liberal iv unsarthin aspicts, f'r ye wint about givin' th' Grand Old Man a kick on th' shins whinever ye got a chance over Home Rule, but now ye're goin' to swallow Misther Birrell's Oirish Council schame at an incrayse iv salary. Presinthly I expect to see ye laydin' th' Orangemen iv yer nathive an' downthrodden counthry; an' whin ye've lift thim in th' last ditch widout a shir-rt to their backs or a button on their throusers, no doubt ye'll make yer way through th' dead iv night an' offer yer pathriotic services to the Indepenthent Labour Parthy. All I advise ye to do is to sthick to yer prisint salarey till ye can git a bigger wan. Niver throw away to-day what ye might wish ye had to spind to-morrow.

JOHN BULL.

The Directors of the New De Kaap (1906), Ltd.

Gents.,—I perceive that the meeting you held in the City a few days ago for the purpose of considering proposals for voluntary liquidation has been mentioned to Mr. Justice Warrington, who has directed that the next meeting shall be held under the chairmanship of the Official Receiver. I cannot say I am surprised at that decision, for when a shareholder proposed an amendment, one of you mounted the platform, shouted and yelled, used such language that the financial papers, which are of chaste and delicate mind, could only report it by blanks and dashes, finally seized a pewter ink-pot, shied it at the shareholder, and, as counsel put it, "nearly killed him." That is to say, the ink-pot missed the would-be amender's head by the 7-19th part of an inch, but dispersed the shareholders and dyed the wall.

For the meeting under the chairmanship of the Official Receiver I beg that all ink-pots, pewter-pots, crack-pots, and other heavy furniture may be removed from the room, also that the poker and tongs may be chained up, and sixteen policemen let loose, otherwise the Official Receiver, who is a pleasant and courteous gentleman, may be hurt in the execution of his duty. Some of you might also sit upon the director who hurled the ink-pot—in fact, you might sit on the Board!

JOHN BULL.

Commodore, Thames Fleet, London County Council.

Sir,—I notice that the fleet is once more sailing the vasty deeps. Keep a strict look-out for passengers. I saw two men and a yellow dog on one of the vessels yesterday, and by strict watching you may book another dog. My compliments to the captains. Tell them that every time they come to a pier they are expected to treat it as an enemy in disguise, and ram it. They might also continue the old plan of trying to knock down the bridges. If there are any other boats in the way, give instructions that they shall be engaged in mortal combat, and sunk in a watery grave. Au Revoir!

JOHN BULL.

AFTER THE CONFERENCE!

REMINISCENCES.

By Herbert Vivian.

THE LATE MONSIEUR HUYSMANS.

I think that Monsieur Huysmans was perhaps the strangest man I ever met. To achieve fame by the glorification of vice, and to enhance his reputation by the idealisation of religion, was sufficiently surprising. But to accomplish the transition without a trace of inconsistency was almost a miracle. The explanation is that he was saturated with mysticism: as a mystic he gloated over the wildest eccentricities of sensualism; with the eye of a mystic he found satisfaction for his jaded soul in the glamour of the Roman Church.

An Orchestra of Liqueurs.

My attention was first drawn to Huysmans by Whistler, who discovered with delight that his rival in epigrams (O. Wilde) had borrowed largely from "A Rebours." Like all Huysmans' works, it has scarcely any plot. But the exuberance of the language, the richness of the imagination, the blinding colours of the descriptions afford an ample substitute. We are introduced to a fantastic house so arranged as to represent the bottom of the sea. Tanks of fishes outside every window keep up the illusion. And there is an enormous organ, whose pipes all communicate with the player's mouth. Each pipe is connected with a butt of liqueurs, and whenever he touches a note it conveys a draught of Chartreuse, Benedictine, Noyeau, Crême de Rose, or some other nectar, to his lips. Think what must have been the fanciful sensation of sitting by the hour at the bottom of the sea playing fugues and marches and oratorios, all made up of incredibly blended beverages.

A Sensational Conversion.

Huysmans' conversion was the most sensational stroke. After wallowing for years in blasphemy and filth, inspiring a succession of decadents, he suddenly proclaimed himself a champion of the Church. The fervour which he had previously devoted to Satanism and the mysteries of lust was now transfigured into a rapture of ritual or a narcotic delight in the contrast of monastic repose.

The Pose of Religion.

When I first made his acquaintance in Paris, he had become an oblate, or lay brother, of the Benedictine order. He was still obviously a poseur, but a very charming, kindly, courteous one. He had evidently tried to cultivate that expression of peace, which we see in stained glass windows, but a whimsical humour twinkled from his friendly eyes. His cell was a luxurious sitting-room furnished with soft sofas, brocades, and gorgeous books. He interpreted my thoughts at once, and exclaimed "I suppose you expected to find me in hair-cloth and cowl, but I assure you I have taken no vows either of poverty or obedience." "Or chastity?" "Nor even of chastity," he replied with a grim smile. "I have undertaken nothing except to live as a Christian, which, after all, most of us pretend to try to do. I live here among the monks, and I find that the religious meditation and calm are the most inspiring preparation for an author's work. Would you like to know how I spend my day?" And his eyes fairly danced with glee as he took a piece of paper and wrote a long list of religious devotions. Six o'clock mass, seven o'clock private prayer, 8.30 matins, and so on through the whole gamut of nones, compline, Benediction, vespers. Then he looked up at me with a countenance which was perfectly grave, except for the incessant dancing of his extraordinary eyes, as though to say to me, "Is this not the most stupendously original of all the eccentric feats of my versatile life?" Then he added at the foot of the paper, "Work in between all the time," and he handed it back to me with a triumphant note of interrogation.

An Hospital for Souls.

His favourite topic was the ugliness and noise and hurry of modern times, which he denounced with mediæval feeling. Here in the Monastery he had found an oasis, but he still sighed for his sanctuary at Ligugé, where he took refuge until the Benedictine fathers were expelled. It was, he said, a true hospital for souls. And the kindly Fathers ministered also to the carnal needs of their neighbours. Here someone politely observed that they would be missed. But Huysmans, who never could tolerate the obvious, replied with a cynical shrug, "The regret will be confined to those who made a pecuniary profit out of them. As for the others, they have imbibed the modern contempt for every advantage which is not material and capable of conversion into coin of the realm."

The Horrors of Paris.

With that marvellous command of language, to which he owed most of his celebrity, he proceeded to describe the lamentable appearance of the deserted cloisters, the neglected gardens, and the empty sanctuaries. "Ligugé," said he, "became like a human body, which has suddenly been deprived not of its life but of its soul, and every hour I remained there was an hour of acute suffering. Here, however, in Paris, I am gradually growing accustomed to the novel surroundings, and deriving new consolations from the murmured chaunts of the nuns and the muffled melodies of the organ, though I can only regard this monastery as an oasis amid a wilderness of horrors. I can almost enter into the feelings of a condemned criminal, who knows that an evil fate awaits him outside the walls. Here I am happy enough, but I cannot shut out the fact that, all round my place of refuge, there is that hungry, noisy, screaming Paris, which was eternally against every expression of the spiritual life."

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CYCLES

A TRILOGY OF TRACTS.

Frenchmen are fond of dealing with a subject in a series of books. Thus Huysmans began his religious romances with "En Route." As he told me, "it described the sensations of ritual, which of course are the part of religion acting most strongly upon a mind which has taken pleasure in the sensations of daily life." In his second book, "La Cathédrale," he "dealt with plain-song, the monotony, or rather I should say, the continuous soothing effect, of which trains a mind to submit itself to discipline." Finally came "L'Oblate," in which, "a closer connection having been formed, a Christian finds himself enrolled in the service of the Church." I mentioned the late Mr. Gladstone's interest in "En Route," but Huysmans laughed sarcastically, saying he had always regarded the expression of Mr. Gladstone's opinion as a trick of the English publisher.

GLADSTONE'S "IGNORANCE."

He had heard that Mr. Gladstone was always ready to air his vanity, even though it was to be utilised for purposes of advertisement. No doubt Mr. Gladstone possessed many striking qualities, but he had not the sense of proportion which is necessary to give weight to a man's utterances. He was just as ready to put in a good word for the latest volume of a female novelist as he was to parade his opinions in ecclesiastical matters. "Ah!" M. Huysmans went on, "what a strange temperament is that of the Anglo-Saxon. Here you have a Protestant who fancies himself capable of entering into the state of mind of a zealous Catholic, such as I tried to pourtray in my books. Then you have publishers who seize greedily upon this exhibition of ignorance in order to increase their sales."

ANGLO-SAXON RECEPTIVITY.

Still, M. Huysmans confessed that there was something to be said for our race. We rewarded our authors more generously and the English public afforded "the most exquisitely receptive soil" for all manner of teaching. A priest, who had been listening in silence to our conversation, here observed, "And American dollars are also extremely useful."

THE NEW THEOLOGY.

A parson one day was in search
  Of an advertisement,
So he talked of the strangest things
  Nigh everywhere he went.

He had the rippling, running tongue
  That can go on for ever;
And all the faithful, hearing him,
  Cried, "Goodness, ain't he clever!"

No doubt he shook their old beliefs,
  And turned them upside down;
He didn't care a jot for that,
  If he could draw the town.

It was the New Theology,
  He told them that he preached;
For light on that entrancing term
  They straightaway beseeched.

He said, "I don't believe in This,
  I don't believe in That."
The faithful said, "No more do we—
  But what's he driving at?"

He said, the Other Thing was Which,
  And That, of course, was How!
And all the faithful said, "We've got
  A clever pastor now."

But thinking people stood apart,
  For there were left a few;
They said, "It's not Theology,
  And it's not even New."

RICHARD MORTON.

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"Bedford. E. LIGHTFOOT."
(Full address on application.)

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"Dear Sir,—I have been a sufferer from Bronchial Asthma for six years. If I walked any distance I became short of breath and wheezed so that I could be heard all over the house. My strength failed me entirely. I began to spit blood, and could not rest night or day. Sometimes I would spend the night pacing the bedroom floor, sitting at the window, propping myself up quite erect with pillows, but very often uselessly. I had given up all hopes of ever being better, having tried everything we could hear of. I am pleased to say I feel as well as ever I did. If I get a cold, it passes off without my former trouble. I can rest well and do my work with pleasure. My friends remark how much better I look. Walking used to be a burden to me, now it is a pleasure.

"Yours very faithfully,
"Ruddington. A. VINCENT."
(Full address on application.

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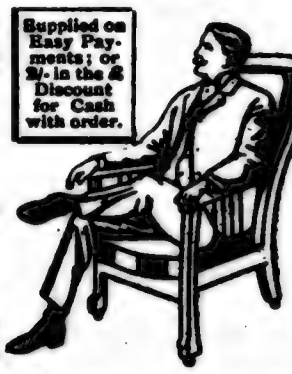

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AMONG THE MUMMERS.

Listening to the Band—And Other Things.

I wonder whether any of my readers, among whom there must be many who are singularly wise in such matters—I wonder, I say, whether any of my readers can tell me why London has neither a Roof Garden nor a Café-chantant. As each succeeding summer comes dawdling round, I ask myself and other persons who should know, this very simple question. But of answer I get none, or that which is worse than none. Rumour has followed rumour that our ridiculous lack of fresh-air entertainment at the very centre of things, "half a minute from everywhere," was to be remedied. But they have passed like Hans Breitmann's beer, leaving no trace behind. In the dog-days once I caught a perspiring American millionaire; he was in the lower regions of the Palace Theatre consuming huge quantities of astonishing and astonishingly-entitled liquids, flavoured with ice. I asked him why London had no Roof Garden; and I should like very much to print his answer. In effect, it was that he didn't know, but that he very much cared, and that if someone in the dog-line failed to build a Roof Garden in Leicester Square before he came to London again, he would build one himself. He failed of his vinous promise, however; and Mr. "Teddy" Marks and others who have talked in similar strain have failed equally.

The Climate and the Roof Garden.

The climatic argument against providing the Londoner with a Roof Garden is absurd. It simply does not apply; and when I hear people cite it I am inclined to suspect that they do not know what a Roof Garden is any more than they know the truth about American weather. Our summer may be no better than it should be, but it is quite as settled as that of New York. Every point that can be made against the Roof Garden for London could be made equally against the Roof Gardens of Gotham, or against Earl's Court for that matter, or the new Kiosk in Hyde Park, or the winter garden of any hotel, or even the private conservatory beloved of the Smart Set. It would have been the easiest thing in the world, when the Cecil was built, to add a Roof Garden as a finishing touch to its multitude of Yankee notions. Nothing could spoil the artistic proportions of the Cecil, for they do not exist; and a Roof Garden, capable of transformation into a skating rink in the winter months, might help to pay a dividend. Glass is cheap; and I present the idea to the Cecil Board for its mature consideration. The site is the finest in Europe for such a purpose; but what of the L.C.C.?

The "Danger" Bogey.

I raise the point of *malice prepense*: because the only explanations of our want of a Roof Garden that seem to me to fit into the fact at all are two: (1) The rent of a large site in the middle of London would be too high to give the Roof Garden a chance of paying its way, and (2) the L.C.C. fire and building regulations prevent the erection of a Roof Garden in a suitable position. Now, I believe that the rent-charge in New York is found to be a very serious item, and that this and other expenses have killed one or two promising managements. Still, in several instances, the Roof Gardens of New York manage somehow or other to keep open; and, miserable though the entertainments may be, they are undoubtedly more popular than some of the theatres during the hot spells. At the Cecil, or any other of the great London hotels with huge open roof-space—the Grand is a second example of an hotel magnificently placed for the purpose—the rent problem does not arise. A substantial glass and iron structure, with sliding sides and top, commanding the finest night river view in the world, should pay a handsome interest on its cost during the colder weather, when its use as a Roof Garden was impossible. Financially, the project is at least as tempting as many on which hotel and theatre managers waste large sums hopelessly year in and year out. But the danger bogey remains; and here I fancy we come close to the real reason why Londoners must cross their city in tubes and other atrocities—must go to Earl's Court, or the Crystal Palace, or Regent's Park—if, on a sultry evening, they would enjoy any other form of al-fresco entertainment besides the sometimes dubious pleasure of "listening to the band."

Sir Chas. Wyndham's Scheme.

Sir Charles Wyndham talked once of having a Roof Garden on his theatre in Charing Cross Road. But—so the story goes—he came hard up against extraordinarily severe and complicated rules as to lifts and ladders, and the other means by which one may try to dodge impending cremation,

whilst awaiting the arrival of an escape. I do not know whether the tale as told to me was true; but it had all the appearance of truth. For my own part, I would rather trust myself on the highest roof in London in case of a fire scare than in the safest of our playhouses. Everyone knows that a panic is less likely in the open air than in the fœtid atmosphere of a theatre or a music-hall in summer-time—even though the open air be considerably above the level of the street. If the objection to Roof Gardens in London is entirely or largely one of public safety, I think it is founded on a greatly exaggerated sense of danger; and it ought not to lie beyond the wit of man to contrive such measures as would satisfy a reasonable administrative authority of their effectiveness in the case of fire, or the alarm of fire.

A New Use for the River.

One cannot walk along the Thames Embankment with a visitor from any foreign capital without hearing expressions of surprise as to our gross neglect of the recreative possibilities of that wonderful promenade. A few band concerts, and an automatic penny-in-the-slot affair for the supply of mild teetotal fluids at a penny a go: these, and the trams, represent London's last word about the river front as a playground for the people. Someone suggested lately that a few of the glorified barges provided as a Thames steamboat service by the L.C.C. should be let out as common tugs for towage purposes from Greenwich upwards. Probably this poor gentleman was a humorist; perhaps others may set me down as a satirist if I make an alternative suggestion. On more than one Continental river the decayed steamer finds anchorage and pleasurable use as a café-chantant. Formerly there was a popular restaurant with music floating on the Seine, near Neuilly. Here is a scheme that might add materially to the gaiety and attractions of the Embankment by night. For some reason not evident to the ordinary person, the London river service ceases at dusk—before the tired people of the shops and offices and warehouses can reach the boats, save on their Sunday off: just as the local parks close before the folk who pay for them have time to settle down comfortably upon their own seats to look at their own grass. No doubt, the reason for all this is to be found in the fact that the employees of the Council are in the regular enjoyment of an eight-hour day; and the kindred fact that Messrs. Benn, Wood and the others go to bed regularly at 8 p.m., or, if not to bed, to the Band of Hope, or the N.L.C., or maybe to the Royal Botanical Society's Gardens, which do not shut their gates at sun-down.

Fresh Air and the Kill-joys.

The whole question of the out-door evening entertainment in London needs overhauling: the parks to be lighted instead of locked, the steamers to be available as late as the trams, the Embankment to be made a place of rest for sane, quiet ratepayers who like a glass of refreshment, not a mass of tepid *eau sucree*, with their evening pipe and music. Some of my music-hall managing friends seem to think that the multiplication of facilities for cheap, innocent, popular pleasures may affect their business adversely. This, I submit, is the short-sighted view. Habits grow by what they feed on. The wider the taste for the happier ways of life, the larger the classes on which the reputable variety and theatrical and concert managements may flourish. The common enemy of all who look to simple entertainments for their livelihood, and those who love such entertainments, are the Kill-joys who are opposed to all those pleasures of life which they themselves do not favour. The descent into the Pleasant Life, as the Kill-joys well know, is easy; and they make it their business to hedge about the first steps with many barriers. At the seaside in the warm weather the sexes mingle freely and wholesomely by moonlight to slow music: why should the same process become desperately wicked if pursued under the ægis of Honest John in Battersea Park? Men smoke and drink on the lawn of someone else's hotel at Clacton, and yet escape damnation; why may they not do so on the gravel of their local "common"? The Londoner on holidaying is a free man, following his own bent: the Londoner in harness is a serf, bowing abjectly before "the never-ending audacity of elected persons." He needs more fresh air; fill him with ozone, and he waxes fat and kicks. And the first person for whom he makes is Kill-joy. Kill-joy's pet conventions become anathema to him, and he walks on them rejoicing. You might see him doing it at any of a hundred popular resorts from Saturday to Monday last. We may see him doing it yet o' nights in the London parks, on the now deserted Embankment, and in half a dozen West End café-chantants and Roof Gardens. The Cockney did not always take his pleasures sadly and stiflingly and in bearing reins.

P.

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MISS AND MIST.

By Bernard Tweedale.

"There could be no question as to its being Providential, otherwise—well, 'twere no saving grace."

Thus I mused as I groped my way blindly through the fog.

You will the better appreciate my satisfaction when I inform you that for the past hour I had been carefully guiding my Maiden Aunt amidst a medley of half-seen vehicles, eventually causing her such mental terror that the full view of an empty hansom was hailed by her with delight; and with hypocritical expressions of gratitude for my guidance, she departed Westwards.

I stood in the middle of Piccadilly Circus, and feeling confident of my direction, gaily struck out for the Haymarket.

Ten minutes of uninterrupted progress, when, crash! I struck my foot against the kerb, fell forward, and found my head resting against something delightfully warm and soft.

A little cry came from the fog ahead, and two dainty hands assisted me blindly to rise.

"I am sure I most humbly apologise," said I.

"Well, I am grateful," with a frank laugh.

"It is well for a poor mere man to meet such a friend in need," gallantly.

"The obligation may be divided," and in a slight lifting of the fog I caught a glimpse of two bright eyes. Then the dense blackness came over us again.

"Then life will hold at least one pleasure for me?" I eagerly queried.

"You can prove a friend in deed, I've lost my way," plaintively.

I raised my hat, though the action could not be seen, I regretted. Indeed, I have been told my hair is my best feature.

"You honour me by your trust, mademoiselle."

"Justification will be the best proof," somewhat coldly.

The reproof was delicate. I seized the opportunity.

"Madame! I beg your pardon."

"Shall we say Miss—er, Robinson?" with a light laugh.

My heart bounded. Who shall say the days of chivalry are ended—when there is a "miss"?

"And your hoped-for destination is——?"

"Piccadilly," with a half note tears in the voice, which I noticed was a very sweet one.

It was just about four o'clock. Tea-time.

I tried a bold stroke.

"I also am going to Slater's."

"I do not reside at Slater's," mischievously.

"No, but—a woman's consolation——"

"Well, I do like a nice——"

"Man," tentatively.

"You are not a cup of tea, sir," and I'll swear, for all the fog, that she had a dainty dimple in evidence.

"Permit me, though, Miss Robinson, to be the vehicle."

She placed her arm timidly in mine, when a thought struck me.

"Did you remark which way I was coming when——?"

"Oh, yes, from my right."

"And now it is my right to be your right—hand," with a pleasant note of proprietorship.

"*Pro tem.* is somewhat indefinite," she murmured.

We marched on, amid a sweet silence, for when arms are linked, speech is sometimes a disturbing element.

A gas lamp near by shone dimly through the fog, which now was lighter, and on it I read "Shaftesbury Avenue." Then I repeated my soliloquy in regard to the "Saving Grace."

While I was inwardly congratulating myself on having previously lost my way, our friend and enemy unfolded his mantle still more, and naturally I turned to look at the damsel I was chaperoning.

"Fred!!"

"Bertha!!!"

Women are quicker than men in such matters, maybe the occasion more often arises with them.

The arm which had been tender and pliant before became rigid now, and was hastily withdrawn, while her eyes sparkled disdainfully.

"So this is the fulfilment of your promise to keep away from me."

"'Pon honour," said I, "if I had had any idea."

This only made matters worse.

"I thought so," scornfully, "and so you are quite willing to amuse yourself with any chance girl you may meet."

"I certainly have found you so," I murmured.

"So what?" sharply.

"Amusing," said I.

I knew she would need time to think this out, and so I pursued the advantage.

"Do you often get lost in the fog, Bertha?" airily.

No answer.

"No cavalier could have done less, even if he had not known you," I continued lightly.

She flashed an angry glance at me, and then curiosity ran away with her.

"Ah, yes! Explain yourself if you can," bitterly.

"And so excuses may be made for you," leniently, as though continuing my previous speech.

"But—but, you don't mean to say you knew all the time, Fred," and I noticed her tone was much sweeter again, while a soft, confiding arm was placed very near mine.

"And you were giving me your help after the unkind way I treated you yesterday," with a little note of glad tears in the voice. I did not wish to prepare myself, so, without a word, I took her left hand in mine; nobody would notice us in the soft mist which had replaced the fog, and I gently insinuated a little ring over her third finger.

"It was ready in my pocket," said I, gaily.

Then arm-in-arm we walked along to tea.

THE GREEN GIRL.

Will Mr. Birrell's little Bill
  Quite satisfy Miss Ireland?
And will she bashfully begin
  To make friends with the sire-land?

Or will she still brood o'er her wrongs,
  And sigh about the dire land?
Will she accept that little sop—
  Or still remain an ire-land?

Richard Morton.

Dear Madam (or Sir),

May I send you some specimen copies of John Bull *for distribution amongst any of your friends who are not at present readers?*

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BULL'S EYES.

SOME UNFOUNDED RUMOURS:—

That the *Daily Mail* has made arrangements with Horace Rayner to write his history, when he comes out.

That the proprietor of the *Daily Express* has been raised to the peerage, and has decided to take the title of Baron Southcliffe.

That Mr. Harry Lauder has purchased a partnership in Messrs. Rothschilds.

That some of the "younger sons" at Eton and Harrow are taking a "Music Hall course" in lieu of Greek and Latin.

That Mr. Arthur Roberts has accepted Eton's offer of £750 per week to act as professor.

That Mrs. "Marie" Hurley has been engaged in a similar capacity by Girton.

That the insurance on the Colonial Premiers at Lloyd's went up 5 after each banquet, and finally stood at 90.

That Mr. Haldane is to be presented with the freedom of Woolwich.

A man recently deliberately put his head through a window, knocking it completely out. He explained that "it was all through a woman." But it wasn't; it was all through the glass.

Complaint was made to Judge Willis of a man going to a lady's bedroom to serve a summons. The judge said if he had been the lady he should have known what to do. A good judge.

"A Greek bearing the uncommon name of J. J. Pappattheodorokoumountourgeotopoulous was before the Chicago magistrates recently," says the *Express*. "Uncommon" is distinctly good.

A fine place—The police court.

A green grocer—One who trusts.

Net to catch a woman—A bonnet.

To make a long story short—Send it to the editor.

"I am sent from pillar to post"—as the man remarked when he found the pillar-box closed for repairs.

Bachelor logic—Marriage is a lottery; lotteries are illegal; therefore I obey the law.

CANDIDATES FOR OLD-AGE PENSIONS.—Charley's Aunt, Chirgwin's "Blind Boy," John Lawson's Jew, "Spring" Onions, Old Moore, Algernon Ashton, Alfred Austin, W. T. Stead, the *Times* Encyclopædia, the Curate's Bad Egg, Dutch Daly's Drolleries, Andrew Carnegie.

At the Scala Theatre they have some Novel Lions, and the announcement is now made that we are soon to have some Lyons' Novels.

At a meeting of the Bethnal Green Board of Guardians, Miss James said she would like an Act passed making it illegal for a woman to enter a public-house. And yet women are clamouring for "equality of the sexes."

Two Austrian archæologists have re-discovered Jericho. There is no longer any excuse for people who have been recommended to go there to delay their departure.

Seventeen Bishops were present at the christening of the Spanish heir. Such an odour of sanctity might incense even an infant.

SOME DEFINITIONS:—

Inside.—Bad information about a horse.

Jail.—A hostelry where everything is supplied free of charge, the only restriction being that guests must not leave without permission.

Kiss.—A device for the relief of the unmarried.

Lamb.—See mint sauce.

Liar.—An explorer; an angler; a golfer; a married man.

Lover.—A speculator on the look out for a sleeping partnership.

Lunatic.—A genius.

Medium.—A person who "sees things"—and opportunities.

Menu.—A list of dishes out of season; a catalogue of antiques.

Mirror.—Something that sees through you.

Money.—An extinct token; a pledge of affection.

Monkery.—See nunnery.

Nod.—To indicate doubt; to pretend to sleep.

No.—See yes.

Nunnery.—See monkery.

"The Birds of the British Islands" has just been published. The author is Charles Stonham. We hope he doesn't.

A weekly paper says that if Mr. Birrell ever becomes Prime Minister he will be the first to wear spectacles. But not the first to make them.

The feat of pushing his wife and child in a perambulator round the world has been accomplished by an Austrian. He took his better half for "wheel or whoa."

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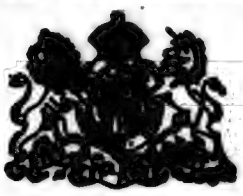

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LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

Sentenced at Lincoln to six weeks' for theft, a man dropped on the ground and began to prey.

Three jurors at a recent City inquest were named Leaf, Page and Reader. Did they bring anyone to book?

The master of Hitchin Workhouse, who undertook to find a man a wife, received seventy applications. And yet Mr. Bertram, M.P., is a bachelor.

"The Message." A. J. Dawson. The meaning is not at all clear, and we think the author must have got the wrong number. Ring off!

"The Grip of Gold." Robert Halifax. It is a long time since we experienced it, but it is pleasant to read about. The author is doubtless an authority, for his name is Robert.

"The Tracer of Lost Persons." R. W. Chambers. We quite lost ourselves whilst reading this volume, and were arrested by the author's vivid style.

"The Remnant." Charles Marriott. "Odd Lengths." W. B. Maxwell. Both these books are short yarns, but neither refers to the "living-in" system. The print is good, and they are bound in cloth. Should have a large sale.

"A Jury of the Virtuous." Patrick Hood. The author is a good judge of characters, and we can counsel our readers to buy this book. It is not an American jury.

"A Bunch of Blue Ribbons." George Morley. A rather weak, watery book. There appears to be an entire absence of spirit in all the characters.

"I Will Repay." Baroness D'Orczy. A good ideal is here set forth, but it is not true to life. Should sell well amongst tailors.

"A Shepherd of the Stars." A very sparkling book, and the author is certain to shine. It will brighten a long evening wonderfully. Has nothing to do with the recent music hall strike.

"The Pinch of Prosperity." Grips the reader from start to finish. But we have been unable to find out where prosperity pinches.

"'Mid the Thick Arrows." Max Pemberton. No doubt the author was inspired by the motor-'buses at the Royal Exchange. He draws the long bow occasionally, but often hits the mark.

Cricket is coming. Most papers have recently had articles about Fielding.

Mr. Campbell has been complaining of the "church cough" amongst his hearers. They were evidently trying to swallow his New Theology.

The latest health exercise consists in turning a number of somersaults. But we do not think the ladies will be head over heels in love with it.

Mr. Balfour says golf is a game for the young. No doubt he is a child in such matters.

Tobacconists are piping their eyes, because fewer people are eyeing their pipes. But life is not all Salmon and Cucumber.

Eastbourne wants an advertisement poster design. We suggest that a picture of Eve in the Garden, waiting for Adam, would be effective.

SOME TELEGRAPHIC ERRORS:—

Sausages ordered must be your own moke.
Baby's rib not yet arrived.
Take a little of the medicine each night—say two dams.
Send black goat at once.
Send at once four dozen summer drunks.
Dispatch immediately four gross clothes-pigs.
Bringing friend to dinner; should like some soap.

A syphon of soda-water exploded at Croydon, causing a dumb man to regain his speech. When a bottle of wine is cracked the result is often the reverse.

At Shoreham some thousands of oysters have been swept from their beds. More cruelty to natives.

As a side issue, the spiritualists might make the Colley flower.

We are told that some sick horses greatly appreciated an allowance of whisky. They didn't say neigh.

The rumpus over the living statuary is all a question of figures.

The Lord Mayor would like to see a day mayor and a night mayor. The banquets should provide plenty of the latter.

The Government's attitude to Colonial preference has been described as "the banged door." But the Government says there has not even been a jar.

A woman in America has sued for divorce because "she cannot stand her husband's jokes." We understand the action will be stopped on his promising to take in JOHN BULL in future.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

BY MRS. BULL.

INAPPROPRIATE HOUSE NAMES.

Many women of my acquaintance have caused their houses to be romantically named. In many instances I have found the titles to be inappropriate.

Firstly, the "Mount Pleasant" of my memory, not only revealed an unfriendly bull-mastiff chained at the back entrance to argue with the more persistent money-worrying tradespeople, but sheltered, as mistress, a scolding, bad-tempered woman, whose husband periodically suffered from "D.T."

"The Chestnuts" conjures up, to the ordinary mind, a house surrounded by chestnut trees. If my readers can imagine stately chestnut trees growing in a garden four feet square, I'd make that imagination pay.

This was the exact size of "The Chestnuts" garden that I knew.

"Eaton Hall," "Kamchatska," "Cromwell Lodge," "Westminster House," were the names I caught in passing some chubby little houses Clapham way.

"Exmoor" looked over that child-deserted waste land at Stratford, and "Frequid" belonged to a Jew moneylender.

I tried, I remember, to rent "Poverty Farm," in Kent. That one house in my list of inappropriate titles should have a right to its name, but it belonged to rich sheepowners, and wasn't for sale.

A dear old maid of my acquaintance lived in "Hymen Cottage," and "Temperance Fugit" belonged to the biggest tippler and worst Latin scholar I ever knew.

Then, again, "The Cloister" was a theatrical lodging-house at Margate; "Homeleigh" was a doss-house, and "Cheero" was where a melancholy miser eked out his miserable existence.

Probably you would picture "Wee Nesti" and "Loveisle" as inhabited by people glorying in old-fashioned domesticity. The "Wee Nesti" and "Loveisle" that I knew were two villas standing side by side. A wooden fence divided the gardens allotted to each, over which the occupants of those villas harangued, in German band tremblo, from morning till night.

"Riverscene" was ten miles from the river, but to give the house its due, there was a ditch quite near it that was generally muddy and wet. I believe the inhabitants of "Silver Sea," in Hither Green, did, once a year for a fortnight, visit the Great Disturber, so I think it might be generously allowed that their house had a right to its name. The only bird-place in the garden of "The Rookery" was a dilapidated thrush's nest, and "The Shrubbery" could boast of but one green sentinel to guard its small flower patch, and that a red may-tree which, in spring, looked with blood-shot eyes, inquiringly, at the name upon the house's face.

Many women keep public-houses in the country, and make a very goodly income out of the same, but many of these, again, are named inappropriately. For instance, "The Apricot and Onion" could not possibly prove a palatable dessert to the gourmet, or "The Toad and Shrimp" an appetising morsel.

To the unimaginative "The Wild Boar" suggests an animal with journalistic tendencies.

The woman who named her public-house, "The Seven Arches," when, by day, there was but one in view, knew her business, no doubt, but who suggested "The Dairy Maid" and "The Milky Way," when "The 'Arf Pint," "The Frothy Head," "A Wee Drappie," "The Hot Grog," would have undoubtedly proved far more irresistible retreats?

SLEEVES AND THE WOMAN.

With the suddenness of a change in the weather it is decreed by the powers that decide such matters that the day-time elbow sleeve is to be immediately superseded by a sleeve reaching to the knuckle. I suppose that women with plump arms will sorrow while those with red and skinny ones will correspondingly rejoice. It is an ill sleeve that does nobody any good.

NEW BUCKLES.

The tortoise-shell buckle is the newest thing for waist-belts. Fashioned either of the yellow or mottled shell, it makes a very charming finish to a morning frock.

Buckles, too, of gun-metal are smart, but prettier than these, I think, are those made of mother-o'-pearl. Then there is the enamelled tartan clasp to be worn with a silk tartan waistband which would look extremely well upon a white linen river frock.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[JOHN BULL *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

R. H. C. (Camberwell) says plenty of cabmen would drive taximeters if they could obtain fair conditions. But they will not buy their own petrol. For one reason, they consider they would thereby become partners and lose the benefits of the Workmen's Compensation Act. We are not at all sure that they would become partners, but no doubt they are right to take every precaution. They also object to the wages, which they say will be very small when the present "curiosity riders" have ceased. There is something in that, as the monkey said.

B. T. (Manchester) sends us the *Trefoil*, a magazine run by the third form of the Salford Technical School, and asks our opinion thereon. Why do people run papers until they are obliged? We should put a little cobbler's wax on Mr. Bindon's seat if he tries to teach history out of hours.

F. W. G. (Bloemfontein, O.R.C.) has had a circular from the notorious M. A. Winter Co. (Armory Buildings, 5th and L Streets, Washington, D.C.), saying they have full confidence in him, but beg he will fill up a form and give three references. They also addressed a circular to his chum, who has been dead for six months. F. W. G. replied, regretting he could not forward it, but, knowing his chum, and guessing at Winter, guessed they would meet later. He wants us to chuck Bull's-eyes and racing, but generously adds that we are not obliged to if we don't like. But the question before the House is what do our readers like? Of course, the racing news must be belated by the time it reaches the Orange River, but think how much money is saved by the delay!

A. L. C. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—*Gluepots* yourself.

A. C. G. (Hampstead) will find all he wants in "The Health Resorts of Europe," published at 27, Chancery Lane, E.C. Whatever he suffers from, whether it be rheumatism or rickets, he will learn what watering-place to patronise.

E. L. O. S. (Bournemouth) has written two topical songs, which his friends "all vote A1." He wants to know who will set them to music. Perhaps some one will volunteer before Jim Crow tries to oblige.

A. L. (London).—We never saw any woman "breathing in Ju-Jitsu style," but we don't think it would be jujitcious to wrestle with her breath.

J. S. (London, W.) has just heard of the Brahmo Lever Watch Company, and sends us numbered questions, beginning with: "1. Does it interest you?" Does it interest us? Good Heavens! We have not had a wink of sleep since the excitement of receiving this original and amazing circular. Meanwhile, we welcome J. S. as a new reader and desire his better acquaintance.

S. J. F. R. (Wimbledon) has been visiting the public reading-room of his suburb, and finds that all the sporting events have been erased from the newspapers with a B.B.B. pencil. We should have called it a D.D.D. pencil.

"BULLGUARDIAN" brings "before our bullship's eyes" the question whether the inhabitants of Roumania are Rowmaniacs, Ruemaniacs, or Jewmaniacs. We always call them rum'uns.

E. L. (Salop).—Have nothing whatever to do with the "Imperial Art Supply Company," of 17, Ranelagh Avenue, Fulham, and Chichester House, Chancery Lane.

"EARLSFIELD" (Wandsworth).—We do not recommend you to subscribe to the Great Arthur Street Mission, conducted by Pastor A. May, 103, Whitecross Street, Golden Lane, E.C., as no proper balance-sheet is published.

J. E. T. (Durham) asks us for "an instance of a strong Platonic friendship which has existed between any really great men and women in the world's history." Certainly; Jim Crow and his mother-in-law.

R. H. W. (East Ham) thinks that the clerk to Lord Justice Buckley makes a good companion picture to the Master of the Rolls. They both remind him of his boyhood visits to an institution in the neighbourhood of Regent's Park.

F. G. B. (Beckenham).—Have nothing to do with "medical herbalists." They are all more or less quacks.

"WELL WISHER" (W. Kensington).—Thanks for letter. We will try and keep down the advertisements, but remember we always give a minimum of 16 pp. of reading matter.

E. S. (New Cross) says we rub his moustache up the wrong way, and wants us to shave John Bull. But John Bull never wore a moustachio, and we have a doormat, thanks.

H. R. (London, E.C.) also defends face-fungus. He says that, if we shave our faces, we should also shave our heads. But there is no danger of decomposing victuals lingering on the top of our cranium. He tells us that the Russian police were formerly empowered to seize any man with a long beard and cut it off "at the spot." A very good plan, particularly in the case of Polish Jews. H. R is a Socialist.

H. E. H. F. (Regent's Park) offers to bet us his banking account that an overwhelming majority of the British people are for Colonial Preference. What has occurred to change their minds since the General Election? Not the visit of the egregious Deakin, surely? And how much has H. E. H. F. got in his bank? He adds:—"Not only Preference, but Protection is as certain to come as it is certain that the sun will shine to-morrow." Possibly, for the sun does not shine very often in these islands.

"Thanks for putting me on to the Clemak safety RAZOR it's a jolly good thing."

RAZOR AND 7 BLADES 5/-

A BLADE FOR EVERY DAY in the WEEK.

The Seven-bladed "CLEMAK" has revolutionised the Safety Razor business of the world. Scientific machinery has made the Guinea "Safety" of yesterday a Five-shilling razor to-day.

We've dared to fix a retail price that meant a "square deal." "CLEMAK" Safety Razor sets are **complete at Five Shillings.** Seven perfect blades—a nickel silver safety frame and stropping handle, all in a compact little case.

It's the safest safety razor in history. Everybody becomes an expert barber, with the first shav.—IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO CUT THE FACE.

"CLEMAK" blades are guaranteed to the limit - they are the keenest, finest tempered, and easiest shaving of all razor blades. They can be STROPPED like the ordinary razor, and will last for years. For those desirous of doing away with re-honing and re-sharpening, we will exchange seven sharp blades for seven dull ones and 1/6.

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SEND POSTAL ORDER FOR 5/-, mentioning "JOHN BULL," and receive your set prepaid, from

CLEMENTS' RAZOR CO., BILLITER ST., LONDON.

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THE IDEAL SHAVING SOAP

SOME OF THE GOOD RESULTS THAT ATTEND ITS USE.

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After moistening your face with warm water apply "SHAVALLO" direct. Then a whisk or two of the moistened brush produces a firm creamy lather that softens the beard immediately, and renders shaving altogether more comfortable and refreshing. "SHAVALLO" is in a neat Ivorine case that enables you to apply it direct with ease.

SOLD BY HAIRDRESSERS & CHEMISTS, 1/- per stick.

A stick will be forwarded direct for 1/1 if you cannot obtain "SHAVALLO" in your district.

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The Royal Primrose Soap Works, LONDON, E.

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SUITS to Measure, 21/-, 27/6, 32/6.
TROUSERS to Measure, 6/-, 8/-, 9/6.
The suits are made from reliable and handsome Tweeds, Worsteds, and Vicunas. Send a Postcard for Patterns, forwarded free, and carriage paid. Together with patterns, we will send you our fashion plate of latest designs, booklet containing a long list of absolutely unsolicited testimonials from gratified clients all over the world, tape measure and self-measure form, whereby you may measure yourself as accurately as any tailor. You take your measure to our instructions; we guarantee a perfect fit, or refund the amount of your money in full. Our Terms are: Satisfaction Given or Money Returned.
CURZON BROS., World's Measure Tailors (Dept. A 191), 60 & 62, City Road, Finsbury, London, E.C.

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All particulars from—

The Hovis-Bread Flour Co, Ltd., Macclesfield.

W. E. C. (Ipswich) asks us to award a biscuit to the local *Evening Star* because it advertises "to those about to marry" household effects, "with pram," for sale. W. E. C. evidently does not believe in counting your chickens before they are hatched, but there is nothing like taking time by the forelock.

"Patrick" (Co. Down) wishes us to award Mrs. J. W. Murland a biscuit because she advertises that she has "finished hatching," and will, consequently, sell "a limited number of settings," all containing winners of numerous prizes. "Patrick," however, forgets that we are a family paper.

Mr. R. Williams, Henry Street, Ruabon, has a lame friend who is desirous of earning a few shillings a week by envelope addressing or similar work. If any of our readers can assist in the matter, perhaps they will communicate direct with Mr. Williams.

J. A. V. (Hornsey) answered an advertisement for travellers and received the stereotyped letter from Harvey, Taylor, and Co., 61, City Road, "Medical and Dental Electricians," and proprietors of that wonderful mouth lamp to which we have referred upon several occasions. J. A. V. is evidently a new reader.

F. G. R. B. (Shanklin) sends us a very amusing pictorial postcard, representing the local express, "Ventnor to Ryde and back in one day," drawn by a donkey, whilst the railway officials are absorbed in a game of cricket in a field adjoining the line. We observe that the artist is "Cynicus,"—which doubtless explains a certain amount of humorous exaggeration in the picture.

W. G. (Barrhead).—The *Australian Truth* is a liar.

"A Fellow" (Brondesbury).—We know nothing against the Central Association of Accountants, but, on the other hand, we have not sufficient information respecting it to justify us in recommending people to join.

H. L. J. (Shepherd's Bush).—You are quite wrong. Our editor *is* a Liberal—but one of the good old school—not a crank.

T. J. (Llanidloes, N. Wales) in an absent-minded moment answered an advertisement of the British Electric Medical Company, and now he is bombarded with letters from them, each making him a more special offer than the previous one. The philanthropy of these gentlemen is amazing.

E. R. M. (Gold Coast) thinks we improve every week, and tells us our journal is a source of delight to him and his friends out in West Africa. He is coming home shortly, when he intends to give us some very startling information as to the conditions under which the miners live and toil, in order that fat dividends may be declared. We shall be delighted to shake hands with him on his arrival.

D. M.—We cannot recommend any firms for the work in question. Their rate of pay is so low.

P. W. M. (Streatham).—Sorry we overlooked your previous conundrum—What is a theologian? Thanks for cutting, which we deal with elsewhere.

"Sub Rosa" suggests that it is very unfair of railway companies to prominently publish the names of persons who have been convicted of travelling without tickets, etc., and thinks that, having paid their fines or suffered imprisonment, their offences have been sufficiently purged. Quite apart from any legal question which may be involved, we entirely agree with "Sub Rosa." We may remind him that it was through our own instrumentality that the printing of the names of acquitted persons has been discontinued in the official Judicial Statistics of the country.

"Fanois" (Harringay) calls our attention to a case in which, for stealing two-pennyworth of refuse rags at Aldershot, the property of the King, a bricklayer was, at the Hants Quarter Sessions, sentenced to six months' hard labour. We hope, ere long, the whole system of quarter sessions will be reformed.

F. W. (London, W.) wants to know where he can see a copy of the A.B.C. Telegraphic Code, 2nd edition. Can any of our readers enlighten him?

W. R. W. B. (Hackney) wishes to know whether the London Conservatoire of Music, run by Mr. Lansdowne Cottell, is in any way connected with somebody living at Highbury. We regret this is one of the things we do not know.

P. Le G. (Norwich) wishes to know whether the Seldoms at the London Pavilion wear tights, or have some special preparation put over them, and how it is that every line of their figures is visible. We have referred the matter to Mrs. Bull. It is quite out of our line.

J. C. (Glasgow) subscribed to one of Lloyd's International Library sets, for which he is paying £11 by instalments, but now finds he cannot get an offer of £2 for the lot, and under these circumstances he is refusing to pay for the balance of the books. We are afraid he has no means of escape.

W. A. (Manchester).—The advertisement crept in without our knowledge, but we have made strong representations upon the matter. You have doubtless observed, however, that the fact of its appearance did not prevent our hostile criticism. As regards what "greater evils" would follow the prohibition of early marriages, just sit down and think it over.

"Helen of Troy" (London) writes congratulating us upon being such a fine grown child for our age. She thinks it is marvellous how we have reached out and found so many admirers in so short a time. She concludes her letter thus:—"Good-bye old boy. I've known you since you were born, so forgive me not calling you Mr. Bull." She is forgiven.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

RACING NOTES.

BY W. LOTINGA.

["Larry Lynx" of "The People."]

John Bull and the Derby.
A large number of readers have written asking whether Mr. Bottomley's newly-named Derby candidate, John Bull, is likely to effect a surprise in the forthcoming classic event. Dearly as the owner would like to see his colours in the van, I am afraid that readers of this journal will have to wait for some other occasion before sharing in this satisfaction—an opinion in which I am entirely supported by the owner himself, notwithstanding the extraordinary upsets which do occur at Epsom. It will be remembered that some years ago Mr. Bottomley made a plucky attempt to win the "Blue Ribbon" by purchasing Hawfinch as a two-year-old for £5,000, but the horse trained off and just failed to get a place. I wish I could honestly feel that John Bull was likely to atone for that disappointment.

Nice (?) Betting Mediums.
If half of our selling races were run again the next day there would be a different result.

They May Grow.
Although Galloways are of greater value in India than anywhere, they will not buy two-year-olds.

Self-Interest Predominates.
Some owners and trainers never even trouble to look at a race or race-card if they have "nothing running."

Another Riddle.
Which commission agent's rules were framed by Counsel so that his backers say it is impossible to win?

A Mere Habit.
In England we say a horse is "bought in"; in Ireland it is invariably termed "reserved at."

The Bookies' Danger.
The plant and tricks that some backers get up to to beat the s.p. men are beyond all imagination.

Only Some Stables may Do it.
Is it true that if you are VERY daring, three weeks is sufficient to alter a horse's form 2st.?

Old England the Pattern.
Belgium is having another new race-couse laid out entirely on the English style.

Truer Sportsmanship.
In contrast to what is the case here, all the leading owners in France breed their own horses.

Why?
Some Mondays are ever so much brighter and nicer to anticipate than others.

A Result of "Getting Beat."
How many owners get the notion that their trainers are "doing" them and keep on changing stables?

Fear being "Shot."
Some bookies won't bet at all in running—but those who do so invariably win in balance.

Speak through their Pocket.
Nine people out of ten object to betting—not because it is betting, but because they do not win at it.

Can't Spare the Time Now.
If a "little" man among trainers made the mistakes that some of the "big pots" do, he would not be allowed on the earth.

And they Do Well.
We shall not long be able to speak of our "English Turf" with budding owners bearing names like Hirsch, Schleig, Schiff, Schillizi, etc.

They Can't Live on It.
Jockeys say that for some owners all they get for any extra efforts, or for riding a particularly good race, is "Thanks very much."

Well Qualified.
Mr. W. F. Lee, one of the Committee of Handicappers, is a Yorkshireman and a Justice of the Peace. He was for many years a successful gentleman jockey.

Legitimate if Wasteful.
It is often part of a plan to put horses in races where they are never intended to run to keep the weight down for others.

Have you Heard of Cases?
Some people are so unlucky to owners that it would almost pay to give them a "pony" to stop away from meetings when their expected "goods" run.

You are Supposed to be "Supple."
It is remarkable what the height of the average race-goer's step is supposed to be—judging by the mountainous ledges or rises on the Gatwick race stands.

Not Applicable Everywhere.
Some people go racing more for the lunch than for the racing, very truthfully declaring that "there is only ONE lunch, but six or seven races."

No Prize Offered.
Who is the now pompous racing official who not many years ago was VERY glad to take a hand in the management of trotting meetings—and before that was a timekeeper for cycle races?

The Old Story.
Sunday is now frequently the busiest day of the week at training centres—bar Newmarket—but a generation back the old-fashioned trainers used to look upon it and make it a perfect day of rest.

Earn "Threes" for Rides.
Several jockeys, such as F. Wood and J. Woodburn, are continuously employed upon the Heath at Newmarket in trials, and thus earn their living, although never seen in public.

Any Difference?
Selling what you have not got in shares has just been proved fraudulent in criminal law. What about laying horses to big sums which you equally haven't got—and never intend to meet?

Racing Ways.
How we are all apt to exaggerate what we see on courses, and especially what we hear. A jockey or trainer has only to drop a word that he "fancies his," and before it has passed half a dozen mouths it has become a "certainty."

Dreaming Winners.
Although race-goers are very much "wide awake," they would appear to be a very sleepy lot, judging them on railway journeys. On returning from a race meeting, invariably five out of six in a carriage are having a little "doze."

Now Ready,

The most vivid racehorse portraits ever produced.

MINTAGON (C. TRIGG Up.)
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the respective popular winners of the

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The joint photo bears each jockey's autograph and is a reproduction in fac-simile colours equal to hand-colouring.

A Signed Portrait of

"LARRY LYNX"

The writer of these notes is added.

POST FREE, 6d.,

From the Publisher, "John Bull,"
4, Red Lion Court, Fleet St., E.C.

Reckon it Out.

Assuming that I only get the very low estimate on an average of fifty letters of enquiry each week from backers as to whom they may safely bet with, what a mammoth number I must "save" from falling into the hands of wrong 'uns in the course of a year!

The Secret of "the Playful Double."

The touts can, and do, readily sell to bookmakers information of non-runners—especially if they happen to be public favourites in the first or second race of the day. "Who'll have a flutter—20 to 1 bar one way (THE runners), the first two races?"

Ask any Trainer.

I am pleased to see that Ernest Day, the Royston trainer, has at last had something like a chance given him by having three or four useful horses placed in his care. There is nothing easier than training winners when one has the right material, or more difficult when one has to "place" a lot of crocks.

Advancing.

The South African Racing Calendar book volume is published each midsummer, dating from July to July. It is produced in splendid style—even superior to our own—while they have now also got their own stud-book.

Wanted: the Paid Steward.

It doesn't sound very well on race-courses—in the event of an objection—for the query to be whispered round: "What has he backed?" concerning certain stewards at certain meetings. Anyhow, bookmakers bet on objections accordingly.

Merely a Ruse.

Executives endeavour to carry out their bye-law that the refreshment department of each enclosure is provided SOLELY for the respective users of those rings. But, of course, there is no law, or rule which would compel a member to refrain from taking refreshments elsewhere and at the lesser prices.

Notice it Everywhere.

Bookmakers and those who take up positions on the stand early to see a race should be *compelled* to go to the top, and not to occupy the bottom steps so as to stop everybody else. There is always plenty of room *behind* them, but the trouble is to get through the crowd on the first two or three flights.

A Hint to Friend Dorling.

I am sure the Executive have only to know of the fact that trainers universally complain that the saddling boxes in the paddock at Epsom are much too small, for it to be remedied. It is absolutely impossible to turn even the smallest thoroughbred round in them, while they are so narrow that it is difficult, and dangerous, for a man to go up each side for saddling purposes.

Prophetic.

The week-end gives us all the good sport. At Brighton SEANCE and PERFORMANCE must be followed, whilst at Manchester GOLD COIN should uphold his name to his backers in the Sprint. Here, too,

BIBIANI

should be followed in the Cup—backed, of course, each way.

Extract from the *War Office Times and Naval Review*, April, 1907:—

"RACING AND THE SERVICES."

As a good many of our readers have asked our opinion on this point, we have caused exhaustive enquiries to be made in sporting circles, with the result that we can confidently recommend Mr. Daniel M. Gant (Member of Tattersall's), of 25, Conduit Street, London, W., as a Commission Agent who gives the very best terms possible to be obtained, and who bears the highest reputation. Mr. Gant's is one of the largest businesses of the kind in the world. That his terms are liberal may be deduced from the fact that he has no limit in regard to the starting price returned. Most Commission Agents, we may remind our readers, either from lack of capital, or disinclination to pay the full price, impose arbitrary limits, 12 to 1, 16 to 1, 20 to 1, and so on. Mr. Gant, we repeat, has no limit, and should the price of a winner be returned at 100 to 1, those odds are paid to the fortunate winner.

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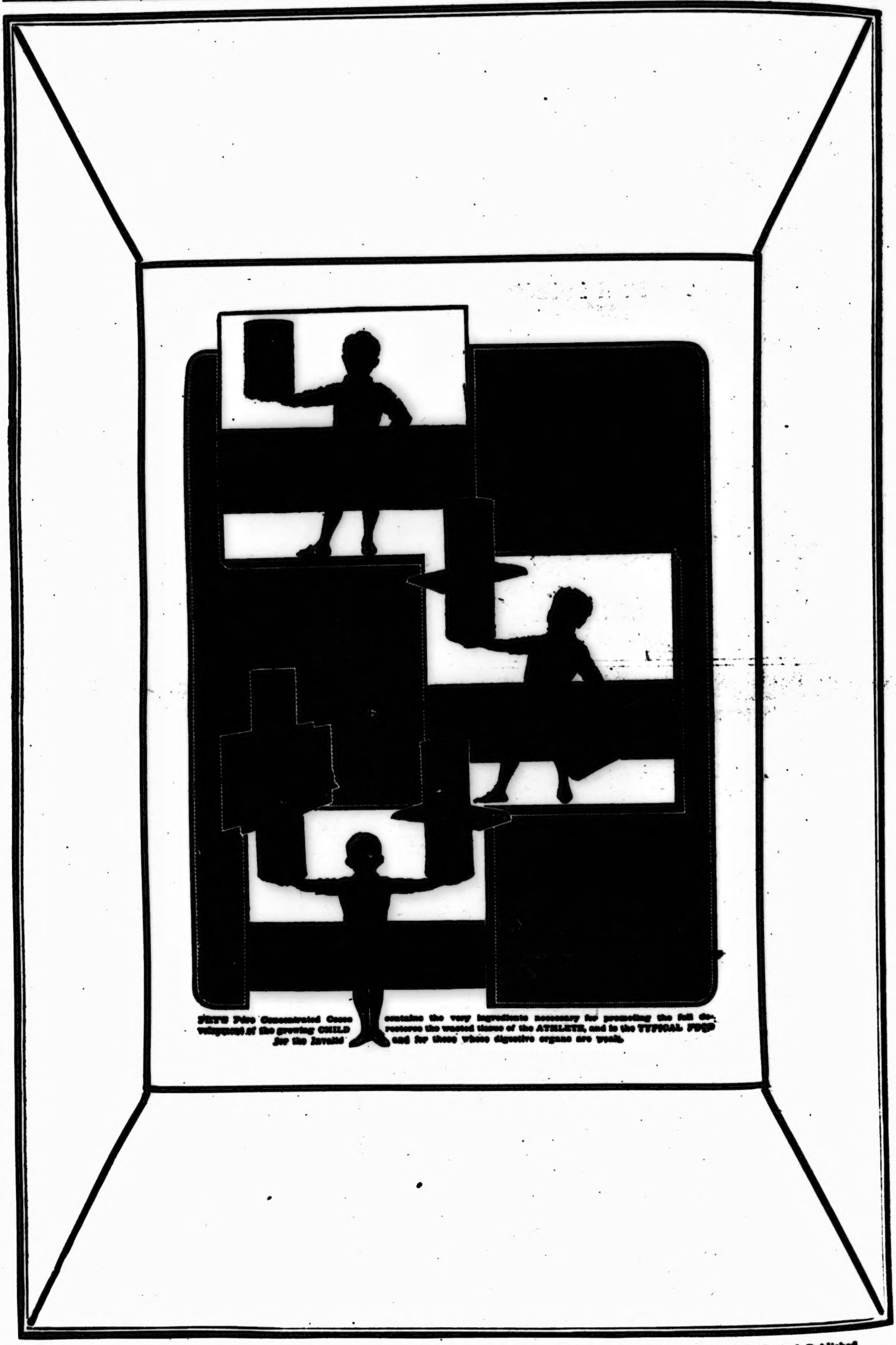
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